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Mr. Taneaki Hara, of Tokio.

('The Christian.')

Japan and its affairs engage a wide-spread interest at the present time. Politicians are observing the establishment on an ever-growing scale of Western institutions in 'the Great Britain of the East,' and Christians are noting the rise and progress, in pleasing numbers, of religious and philanthropic organizations. While disposed to wait with patience for some of the many blessed developments of Christian civilization, we are not surprised to hear occasionally of works giving promise of a speedy fulfilment of great ideals.

A few years ago we told the story of Mr. Juju Ishii, 'the George Muller of Japan.' Now it is our pleasure to introduce to notice another remarkable philanthropist, Mr. Taneaki Hara, of Tokio, 'the John Howard of Japan.' Coming of a good family, Mr. Hara was engaged as a mine-owner before his conversion, in 1874, through reading the New Testament. At his baptism he was asked by the missionary, 'Would you remain firm in your allegiance to Christ, even if the government should arrest you and cut off your head?' Mr. Hara replied, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Shortly after this he gave up his mining business in order to engage in work of a definitely Christian character, and opened a store for the sale of bibles and religious books. This undertaking was instrumental in the wide dissemination of Christian literature. In other ways, however, God was going to use his servant, and it was through a singular incident that the sphere of future service was seen and entered.

MR. AND MRS. TANEAKI HARA, OF TOKIO.

In 1883 several members of the Japanese Parliament were arrested for having offended the government. Believing firmly in freedom of speech, Mr. Hara published a pamphlet sympathizing with the offending Liberals. For this he was sent to prison for three months.

There he met a man who recognized him as a 'Jesus teacher.' The man informed him that he was suffering punishment for a robbery he had committed. In Mr. Hara's words:—

'One evening, walking along Ginza-street, greatly troubled in his conscience, the man happened to join a crowd of people to whom someone was preaching. I happened to be the preacher, and the words of the gospel of Christ fell deeply into his heart, and he was anxious to know if Jesus Christ would save him. A few moments after this he was arrested and put in prison. With tears of joy and gratitude I began to explain to him more fully the story of the gospel, and in a short time he was soundly converted. After this I was called the 'Jesus preacher' of the prison.'

That was the beginning of a new career with Mr. Hara. The officials allowed him to talk to the prisoners every night, and as he got into close quarters with the men he found that none of them were originally bad characters, but that they had fallen into their miserable condition through manifold temptations. Pitying them with all his heart, Mr. Hara lost no opportunity of teaching them the way of life; and when the time came for his own release he had a new sense of duty, regarding which he waited upon God for help and guidance. After earnest prayer, he was impressed with the personal application to himself of the words spoken to the Apostle Paul: 'Thou shalt be a witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard,' (Acts xxii., 15). Without delay, and notwithstanding opposition on the part of friends, Mr. Hara, resolved to renounce all worldly ambitions, and give his life to Christian work in the interest of prisoners.

These particulars of Mr. Hara's career are taken from an article in the February issue of 'The Japan Evangelist,' written by the Rev. J. W. Wadman, of the Methodist Publishing House, Tokio. Still following that account we are reminded of the practice of the government during recent years of sending long-sentenced convicts to the Hokkaido, in the hope that their labor would prepare the way for colonists in the northern island of the empire. In five large prison settlements as many as seven thousand men have been employed cutting down forests, making roads, and cultivating the land. Hither, on his mission of mercy, Mr. Hara went, after some years of labor in the prisons of the south. He went at the request of the government, who appointed him Christian pastor for the prisons of the Hakkaido; and till about a year ago he toiled with extraordinary success among the inmates of these retreats.

Upon the death of the Empress Dowager last year, an Imperial decree was issued, ordering the release of several hundreds of these poor fellows. The joy of liberty was but short-lived, for, being outcasts, despised and forsaken, the ex-convicts were without means of support. Mr. Hara was residing at Tokio at the time; returning to the capital, the men promptly found him out, and sought his help and sympathy. Putting aside his own work, under a conviction that God was calling him to a new line of service, Mr. Hara looked around for a place of shelter and means of livelihood for the released prisoners. First, he took some into his own household, and then he welcomed eighty to a hundred in an old daimio residence, a portion of which was placed at his disposal by the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At length the men got into settled employment, and in many cases enabled to get the victory over the drink snare. Christian teaching accompanied other influences; in fact, inspired such influences, and in due course some were baptized. More than that, their changed lives preached eloquently to relatives and friends, who in numerous cases were converted and joined the Christian Church. In the course of the first half of last year Mr. Hara helped 262 prisoners, and when he had drafted his proteges into institutions, or placed them among friends in country districts, he kept them under supervision, writing them letters and sending them books. These men call Mr. Hara their father, and love him dearly. In the words of Mr. Wadman:—

'This great work has been accomplished as a work of faith. Mr. and Mrs. Hara have made great sacrifices, and their friends, including missionaries and Japanese Christians, have co-operated with them in forwarding this noble enterprise. To quote his own words:—"I firmly believe from my own experience that criminals can be reformed. The salvation of Jesus can save them entirely from their sin. The Holy Spirit can melt down their hearts, no matter how hard. By feeding and clothing them I wish to win their love, and then it is easy for me to lead them to Christ. Preaching is very necessary, but it is not all. We must visit the poor and outcast; we must go to the prisons, and lead bad men to true repentance, so as to start them on a new life. This is a great work, and it brings joy to many sad-hearted parents, brothers, and sisters. Prison reform is a great blessing to Japan. Our success brings glory to Christianity.'

The Government of Japan recognizes Mr. Hara's important work, and renders him help in finding suitable employment for ex-convicts, as well as searching for their relatives and friends. A recent undertaking of the philanthropist has been the translation into Japanese of the remarkable English

work, 'Penological and Preventive Principles,' by Mr. William Tallack, the devoted secretary of the Howard Association, London.

In a Mining Camp.

We sit at home in our comfortable houses, replete with luxury and elegance, and little do we know or think of the suffering and privation which are going on in the world about us. A few days ago I heard a lady who had visited many Home Mission stations on the Western frontier of our country, relate her experience in going to several mining camps. She told how these camps were girdled about saloons; the cabins being dark and dreary, with almost nothing attractive to please the wearied-out man, while brightness and warmth and cheer were found in the saloons, where, also, Satan had his stronghold in many forms of vice in the poisonous drink which stole the manhood of their victims. The missionary told this lady that men were constantly killed in brawls in these places, and that one part of his exhausting life was the constant attendance at the very sad funerals of those who had died a violent death. She described how she stepped into the car with the miner's lamp attached to her bonnet, and presently found herself far under the ground in a world where men were moving about, their little lamps in their coats the only light. There were great fields of coal and men like gnomes were working away with their picks. Fuses were laid for blasting; cars were passing about loaded with the black diamonds which give heat and light in our homes, and a busy scene of activity was going on far below the light of the sun. Many of these poor miners seldom hear the name of Christ and most of them know nothing of the joy which the Christian religion can give. Surely it must be a duty for us to lay aside from our superfluity something which can help send the Gospel to the perishing in our own home land. All over the great West, in some parts of the South, in neglected and abandoned corners of New England, in the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, in fastnesses of New York and New Jersey, there are places where the light has not penetrated; where people are ignorant, superstitious, and benighted, needing the light of Divine love to cheer them on their way. They can receive this only as it is given them. The ideal Christian life is the missionary one. Not alone on our home missionaries, and on our foreign missionaries does the responsibility lie of carrying the Gospel; every Christian is a torch-bearer, and we must pass the light on from hand to hand; from year to year; from age to age.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Answered.

A number of years ago I was in a position of peculiar liability to spiritual pride. Alarmed, I laid the matter before God, with the specific request that he would allow me to continue the work in which I was engaged, and would use me in converting souls, but in such a manner that it would be impossible for me to take an atom of the credit to myself.

Among the women attending my little meetings for prayer and bible exposition, held in the artisan quarter of a small American town, was a Scotch woman of considerable intelligence. She was eager to become a Christian, and seemed to understand perfectly what was necessary; but, to her intense and increasing distress, and my complete bewilderment, was held back by an inexplicable inability. Again and again, prayerfully and with the open bible, we went over the ground; but always with the result that just as she seemed about to grasp the prize she became like one lost in a fog.

About this time I had bought some religious booklets which I did not wish to distribute until sure of their fitness; so, as I was too busy to read them myself, I said to my humble friend:

'Mrs. C——, will you look through these and pick out the ones you think would be suitable to give to the women after the meeting?'

She cheerfully assented, and, very much relieved, I handed the package over, without a single thought as to what effect might be produced upon her by the reading. The next week when I called, she met me joyfully, seized my hand, and with face all aglow, exclaimed, "God himself must have put it into your heart to give me those books. As soon as I read this one, called, "More Light," everything became perfectly clear to me.'

It was true; the mysterious hindrance had vanished, and she had accepted Christ as simply as a little child; and thus was my prayer categorically answered. I had been used in her conversion, but in such a manner that it was impossible to take an atom of credit to myself. Meanwhile the writer of the little book has never known how it proved indeed 'more light,' on an obscure way.—'The Christian.'

A Brilliant Missionary Leader.

('Ram's Horn.')

One of the most promising missionary leaders of the day, is Robert E. Speer, a young man with a brilliant college record, an athlete, an orator, and the author of an inspiring study of the life of Christ. At thirty years of age he is secretary of the

ROBERT E. SPEER.

Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and has just completed a missionary tour of the world. The story of his career reads like a page from a romantic novel.

Born in Pennsylvania, in 1868, he entered Princeton College, in 1885. His rare traits of leadership were early manifested in his college life. He was regarded by his fellow students as the best debater in college, and at the same time he was the favorite athlete, serving one year as captain of the football team. He soon became a leader in Christian work, exerting a strong spiritual influence in the college; and during his college course he consecrated his life to the cause of foreign missions. His scholarship was of the very best, and he was graduated summa cum laude, being one of the three men who have been thus honored in all of Princeton's history. Although but twenty-one years of age at this time, he entered immediately on his work for the promotion of foreign missions, becoming at this time travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. That year will always be regarded as most fruitful in deepening the inner life of the movement. During nine months he visited 110 institutions, a larger number than had ever been visited in one year by any man in the college field. Many new colleges were reached, especially in the south and south-east. One thousand one hundred new volunteers for foreign missions were gathered along the pathway of his tour, and he sought incessantly to bring the groups of volunteers in the various colleges to the great sources of spiritual life and light. Since that year Mr. Speer has been greatly used of God in giving inspiration to these college men and women who have offered their lives for foreign service. In the fall of 1890 he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and after two years' study there he was called to become secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, a position he still holds. He was the youngest man ever appointed to such a position.

At the first international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, in 1891, held at Cleveland, he was one of the leaders; and at the second convention, held in Detroit, in 1894, he gave the opening and closing addresses; and his personality and addresses were leading factors in the marvellous influence of the third convention, just held in Cleveland. He has been of great usefulness as a bible teacher, and as a platform speaker at the various summer schools and conferences. At the invitation of the British students he visited England in the summer of 1894, giving a number of talks at the Keswick meetings. He has written several pamphlets, one on 'Acts,' one on 'Luke,' one on 'Prayer and Missions,' and a longer work on 'The Man, Christ Jesus,' which is, without doubt, one of the most original, thorough and comprehensive studies of the life and work of Christ ever prepared.

Mr. Speer has recently completed a tour around the world in behalf of the Presbyterian Board, visiting and assisting the mission stations in the different nations. While in Persia he was stricken with fever, but happily his life was spared, and he was able to proceed on his journey. He is now busily engaged in the mission board's work of administration and in public work at synods and presbyteries, where his services are ever in demand. He, with the few other young men who have done so much, under God, to promote the cause of missions during this decade, will go down into history among the strongest religious leaders of our generation.

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet,
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air;
  But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lien-Ki.

('Dawn of Day.')

It was midwinter in north China. The flat country was a waste of snow, the distant hills lay wrapped in chilly grandeur. The few scattered villages were apparently deserted, but this was because all the people were huddled together inside the houses, trying to keep warm by sitting close against each other on the k'angs (brick beds), under which the fires were lit. All the doors were shut and every window plastered over with paper, instead of glass, which is the way in China.

In Nantasao's little mud cottage there was no fire under the k'ang. She was a poor widow with five little children. Her husband had deserted her and gone to Corea, and then she had heard that he was dead. Nantasao was very poor, and had a hard struggle to keep herself and her five children.

In the summer they managed pretty well, because she was able to earn money by working in the fields, and Lien-ki, her eldest son, was ten years old, and also made a few cash by gathering grass and picking acorns. But now it was winter, and winter in north China holds the land in an icy grip.

Nantasao had not earned a single cash for many weeks, and the little hoard which she had treasured from the long summer days, was getting very low.

She and her children had eaten nothing lately but tigua, a kind of sweet potato, and but scantily of these. Till the frost broke she had no hope of earning money. Then she would be able to earn a few cash by washing neighbors' clothes in the stream outside the village, and with those cash she would buy a little stock of rice and some wood.

But the stream was hard-frozen now, and it was bitterly cold. The fierce north wind was sweeping over the country, and it howled and rattled against the paper windows. The k'ang in Nantasao's cottage was quite cold. There was no fire beneath it. The five children huddled upon it could get no warmth. They shivered and complained till Nantasao felt desperate. She was rough and hard in manner, but circumstances had made her so. She had a kind heart and she loved her children. She had loved her husband, but he had left her, and she only thought of him now with a dull indifference. She was entirely occupied with keeping body and soul together for herself and her children.

This bitter winter day she was very downcast. She looked at the little empty fireplace under the k'ang, but yesterday's ashes would not rekindle, and there was no more wood in the cottage, neither could wood be bought in Ninghai city to-day, for there was no market. As to picking up sticks, the fields had been stripped bare, even of grass, before the snow fell. Were there not many poor people in the villages around Ninghai by whom every available scrap of fuel or fodder had long since been gathered.

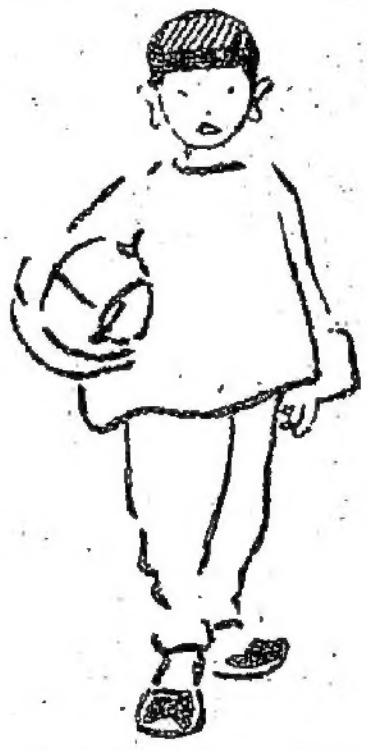
Nantasao's mud cottage was on the outskirts of Shing-t'an, a little village three li away from Ninghai city. Charcoal could be bought in the city, but charcoal was so dear. Still, a small quantity of charcoal would heat the k'ang for many hours, and there were enough sticks in the house to light the charcoal. Nantasao took out her bag of cash from a hole in the wall, where she kept it for safety. She counted the money. There were still two hundred cash. For fifty cash she would get a small basket of charcoal, and they would all be warm for one night. The future must take care of itself. If they must all die of want and cold, then they must.

She took fifty cash out of the bag, choosing the smallest and most worn. Just as well to use them first, she thought, though really of the same value.

The five small figures on the k'ang watched her eagerly. Their blue cotton garments hung limply on their angular little forms, for Nantasao had not been able to buy wadding with which to line their clothes for the winter, and without it, one is terribly cold in North China. Lien-ki, the eldest boy, said, 'We are cold, mother. We need the fire.' Nantasao slowly tied the fifty cash on to a string and replied, 'Go into the city and buy six kin (lbs.) of charcoal. Puh kan tiao ti hsia (Don't dare to lose any of it).' Lien-ki's heart sunk. He had thought that his mother was going herself. As a matter of fact she would gladly have done so, to save Lien-ki the cold journey, but her soft Chinese shoes, made of cotton material, were quite worn out. She could not be seen in the streets of the city till she was able to make new shoes for her tiny feet, of which as a girl, she had been so proud.

It was certainly cold inside the cottage, but outside it was much worse. Lien-ki felt that he would prefer to remain huddled on the cold k'ang to facing the bitter wind across the fields on the quest for charcoal, but he dared not disobey his mother. He got slowly off the k'ang with a dismal face, and drew on his shoes of pigskin, upon which the original black hairs of the pig still remained. They made his feet look like animal's hoofs, but they kept out the wet. He took the basket and the cash, and went drearily out, his mother shutting the door quickly after him, to prevent the warm air there was inside the room, engendered by the human heat, from escaping.

Oh, how the wind blew! tearing and shrieking over the desolate fields, with nothing to intercept its course or break its fury. Lien-ki stumped along, the mud-tracks were hard frozen, that was a mercy, and though the snow had drifted deeply in places one could walk safely over it. Lien-ki thought of the hot summer days, and wondered how long it would be before they came again, but at ten years old the seasons seem very far removed from one another. He had not very far to go to reach the city; three li is only



LIEN-KI STUMPED ALONG.

about a mile in distance. He came to the moat which ran all round the city wall, and crossing the stone bridge, looked down on the ice beneath. He enjoyed sliding sometimes with other boys, but there is not the same joy in movement and exertion to a Chinese child that there is to an English one.

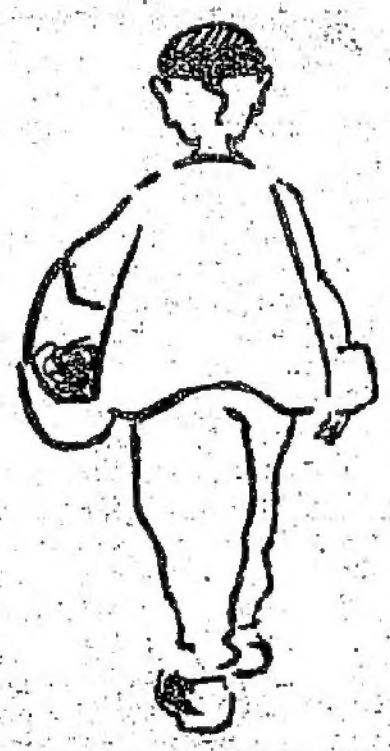
He passed through the grand old city gate, but this time of year, except on market days, there was but little traffic. Even old Sing-t'ai, who usually sat here with a little stall selling hao-shao and huna-sung (cakes and nuts), was absent. Doubtless he was keeping himsef warm inside his house, sitting on a hot k'ang and smoking his pipe. Lien-ki plodded on up the city street. He was disappointed, for old Sing-t'ai, knowing that Nantasao's poverty was great, would probably have given him a stale hao-shao. He reached the end of a long street without meeting a living creature, except two or three hungry, wolf-like dogs, who snarled outside their master's door. He turned a corner and found himself at the pu-ts'i (shop) where the charcoal was to be bought.

It was an open booth, and Lin, the owner, sat within, muffled in long wadded garments, his ears protected with fur lappets. Lien-ki asked him for six kin of charcoal and received it in his basket. He then proceeded to count out his cash, but at this point trouble awaited him, the string had become loosened, and during his walk, eighteen cash had slipped off and been lost in the snow. Dismay filled his heart. He counted and recounted the cash that remained, and Lin also counted, but to no purpose, eighteen of them were missing, one end of the string had been fastened to his girdle beneath his outer garment and the cash had been secured by a knot at the other end, which had become loosened, with the result that eighteen cash had slipped away. Lien-ki wept. He was numbed by the cold, and now, to add to his misery he would be beaten. Nantasao was not unkind to her children, but to lose her money would be more than she could bear without wreaking vengeance upon the unfortunate little messenger. Lien-ki knew that she might even suspect him of having spent the money on hao-shao, and refuse to credit his tale. He looked helplessly at Lin, who with stolid yellow face was waiting to complete the transaction. Lin was not a rich man and could not afford to lose his money nor to give charcoal for less than its price. Finally, pitying the boy's dilemma, he consented to wait for the amount missing and to let the boy take the six kin of charcoal home with him. Lien-ki suggested that he might possibly find the money strewn along his homeward path, but this they both knew to be a fallacious hope. The only way out of the dilemma seemed to be for Lien-ki to go home and to tell Nantasao what had happened. Doubtless she would beat him-but she would certainly refund the money to Lin.

The little boy now picked up the basket, now heavy with six kin of charcoal, and disconsolately retraced his steps down the street. All was white except for the touch of color made by the red placards on the walls of the houses and for the massive black signboards inscribed with large gilt characters which hung outside the shops.

Half-way down the street stood the foreigners' house, the Jesu T'ang (Hall of Jesus.) The foreign ladies lived here, who taught a new religion. Iang-kuei-tsi they were called (foreign devils), and often worse names. Lien-ki had heard many reports about them in his village, and once he had been taken by his mother into their house, to see Song Kuniang, the foreign devil who visited sick people and gave them medicines. Lien-ki had had a pain in his stomach and could not eat. Nantasao full of grief had taken him, reluctant and terrified, to ask Song Kuniang to cure him, who had given

him white powder, and a horrible draught which he had not dared to refuse. The pain had not troubled him again, but on that occasion a neighbor had rebuked Nantasao for venturing into the precincts of the Jesu T'ang, saying that the foreign devils only pretend to teach a new religion, and that their real object in coming from their own country to live among the Chinese people was to obtain children's eyes (fine black eyes, especially, like Lien-ki's), which boiled into a jelly made a wonderful medicine, out of which they were able to make a fortune. Lien-ki had shuddered at the tale. Doubtless his escape was owing to the presence of Nantasao, who had held his hand all the time,



DISCONSOLATELY RETRACED HIS STEPS.

On that day, while they had waited in the out-house where Song Kuniang kept all the bottles and medicines, Lien-ki's sharp eyes had noted every detail from the foreigner's big nose, unlike any nose he had seen before, to the chink of the cash which Nantasao paid for the medicine, as it fell upon other cash in a big drawer beneath the medicine chest.

Mrs. Yang, the wife of Mr. Yang, who lived with the foreigners and helped to teach the new religion, told Nantasao that she must pay five cash for the medicine and that it would go towards buying more good medicine for the poor Chinese people, who only got such bad stuff from their own native doctors. But who could believe what Mrs. Yang said ? Why should the foreigners want to help the poor Chinese?

Lien-ki stood still and thought of the chink of the cash in the drawer of the medicine chest. He was now just outside the door of the Jesu T'ang. Mixed impulses decided him to enter. If Song Kuniang really was t'ing hao (very good) as Mrs. Yang said, was it not just possible that in spite of being a foreign devil, she might be sorry for his loss and give him eighteen cash out of the dispensary drawer. Report said that all foreigners that came from far countries to teach the new religion, were rich, very rich. Lien-ki entered. He opened the door by pulling a piece of string which hung from the latch, and made it easy for even little children to run into the foreigners' court-yard.

He crept over the threshold. He knew that Mr. and Mrs. Yang lived in a room just within the outer door. It was part of their work to see what was the business of those who came in, therefore he would come first to Mrs. Yang's room, and if by that time his heart did not beat more quietly he need not go any further. He knew there was no hope of any cash from Mrs. Yang, because only a short time since, Mr. Yang, having a dollar note to change, had put it inside his sock for safety till opportunity should occur, and had forgotten all about it and thrown his sock off at night. The dollar note was never seen again. Probably Mrs. Yang swept it up in the dark, early morning and burned it in the k'ang with the rubbish. Poor Mr. Yang had been terribly depressed by this misfortune, and Mrs. Yang had cried till her face was swollen. 'Fancy having such a husband,' she had said to Nantasao.

Lien-ki crept to Mrs. Yang's room and put his little head with its skimpy black pigtail round the door, which was ajar. Mrs. Yang sat on the k'ang, mending her clothes.

She gave a grunt of recognition, and Lien-ki told his tale. She was very sorry for him and quite understood what a loss eighteen cash would be for Nantasao. She made room for Lien-ki on the k'ang beside her. He put down his basket and clambered up. The k'ang was beautifully hot and he felt a little cheered, but Mrs. Yang soon reminded him that his mother was waiting at home for the charcoal. Lien-ki remembered then how cold the k'ang was in his mother's cottage, and that four little brothers and sisters were huddling on it, with no chance of being warmed till he returned with his basket. Mrs. Yang promised him that she would tell the Kuniangs of his loss to-morrow, but more than this she could not do, as it was now the time of the evening meal, and at this hour she was not permitted to enter their apartments. It was getting dark and Lien-ki must hurry home, Perhaps with the promise of possible help on the morrow, Nantasao would not be so very angry. Lien-ki got down from the k'ang and as his pigskin shoes touched the cold earthen floor, his trouble assumed gigantic proportion in his childish mind. Oh, how cold it would be, facing the north wind outside the city gate. With a big lump in his throat he said good-day to Mrs. Yang, and picking up his basket turned to go.

Suddenly a strange voice out-side the room, called 'Yang-ta-sao, Yang-ta-sao,' in queer foreign tones.

Mrs. Yang gave a gutteral screech in reply, and began scrambling off the k'ang on to her tiny feet, but quick steps were heard on the stone flags of the court, the door was pushed open, and there stood Song Kuniang herself. Song Kuniang, who mixed the medicines, and who had been known to give a pair of warm mittens or a glittering toy to the little children who were brought to the Dispensary, and who often shrieked with terror at the sight of her strange face.

Lien-ki trembled. He wished he had gone straight home, and endured terrors the extent of which were known to him. It was bad to be beaten, certainly, but what must

ONE OF THE LITTLE SISTERS.

it be to have one's eyes picked out? He knew he had fine black eyes, and he remembered the horrible tale he had heard of the foreigner's wonderful medicine. Song Kuniang did not appear to notice him. She gave some order to Mrs. Yang, and was turning away on her enormous feet with which she could walk as fast as a man, when she caught sight of the small figure with the basket standing in the shadow. 'Shi shui-tih hai-tsi?' she said (Whose child is it?) Mrs. Yang burst forth with the explanation in high sing-song tones, waxing louder and louder, as was her wont in speaking. Her rasping voice echoed through the courtyard, in harsh dissonant notes. Lien-ki wept, partly from self-commiseration, as Mrs. Yang laid great stress upon his mother's probable wrath, partly from fear of the foreign devil. Suddenly Song Kuniang put her hand to her ear as if it ached, and, interrupting Yang-ta-sao, said to Lien-ki, 'Puh iong k'uh. Che li lai.' (Don't cry. Come with me.) She took his hand in hers. He looked at Yang-ta-sao, who smiled broadly, showing all her gums, nodded vehemently, and said, 'Ku pa, pu pah.' (Go. Don't be

OH, HOW SOFT AND WARM THEY WERE.

afraid). 'Do not fear,' repeated Song Kuniang. 'I will give you the cash.' With one mighty effort Lien-ki's small heart took courage, he held the foreign devil's hand, risked his beautiful black eyes, and went. Down a stone passage, across the court, where Mr. Yang was sweeping up the snow, through an arched door-way into the private apartments of the Kuniangs. Song Kuniang looked blue with cold, and her teeth were chattering from the chilly atmosphere outside, but Lien-ki was unconscious of it. His pulses bounded in his veins. They entered what to Lien-ki's eyes seemed a large and beautiful room. The foreign devils must indeed be rich! He stood enthralled. A large wood fire burned in an open stove, and no volumes of smoke filled the air to suffocation as was the case when the k'ang was lit at home. A soft rug was on the brick floor. No holes and cracks in the walls let in the icy blast. A table in the middle of the room was covered with a white cloth, upon which was a collection of queer foreign bright things, the use of which were enigmatical in Lien-ki's Chinese eyes, but he divined that the table was prepared for the foreigner's meal, for he saw bread, beautiful white bread, but no rice or chopsticks.

Lien-ki stared with a fixity of purpose only to be found in Chinese eyes. Song Kuniang had disappeared through an inner door. Before the stove sat another foreign devil, warming enormous feet at the blaze. She smiled at Lien-ki. Her hair was smooth and black, more like a Chinese woman's. Song Kuniang had light, tow-colored stuff on her head. Lien-ki would have thought her very old, because her hair was not black and her hands were so thin, but Mrs. Yang had told him that she was not really so old as his mother, and that she only looked so funny because she was a foreign devil and could not help it.

Lien-ki felt he could have gazed for hours, but Song Kuniang returned, sat down, and called him to her. She counted out eighteen

big fat cash (not poor worn-out old coins like his mother's) and threaded them securely on to his string. Supreme contentment spread over his little Chinese visage, but this was not all. Song Kuniang drew forth beautiful bright red mittens, such as only foreign devils make, and pulled them on to his bony little wrists. Oh how soft and warm they were! Then putting a large piece of white bread into his hands Song Kuniang bade him hasten home.

With gleaming eyes, he emerged from the foreigners' rooms. Hurried to Mrs. Yang and breathlessly displayed his treasures. With her he left his eighteen cash, to be paid to Lin by Mr. Yang, for it was late and dark, and he must indeed hasten home. He trudged back over the frozen waste, insensible to the icy blast. His soul was filled with a sense of glory. His arms were warm in the soft red mittens, his hunk of bread was safely wedged in the basket with the charcoal, to be shared by them all, upon the k'ang at home.

With such a reception from the foreigners, and such glorious results, would he not have the courage to visit them again, and perhaps have future benefits? He would be the centre of the little village in which he lived. Had he not gone alone to the foreign devils and entered their private apartments to come forth friendly and victorious, his bright eyes safely gleaming in their sockets. Lien-ki felt himself a hero.

The Astonished Prior.

AN ISLAND STORY.

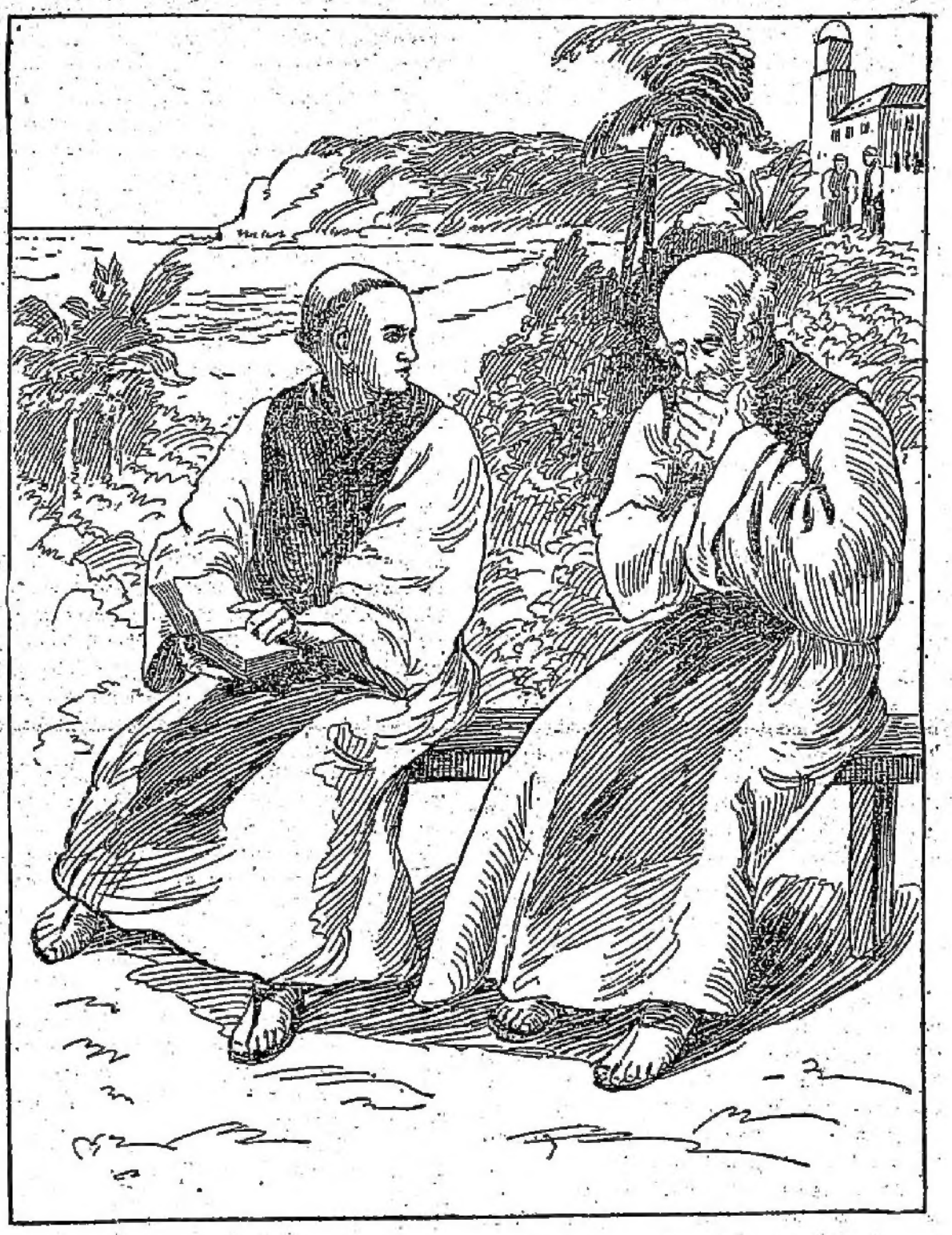
(By Frances Bevan, in 'The Springing Well.')

Not many years ago there was a young officer in the French Navy who had been brought up by religious parents, and who had never doubted, whilst he was still a child, that all they taught him was right and and true. But as he grew into a man, he began, as most do who think at all, to consider whether there was any real foundation for that which he had been taught. He could believe there was a God, for he saw much in the things around him to convince him that it was more impossible there should be no God.

But several things he had learned from his parents and his priest, troubled him greatly. Why did they tell him that a small wafer made of flour and water was suddenly transformed into God Himself, when the priest had spoken over it a few Latin words? Could that possibly be true? And if it were, there must be thousands of gods eaten by men. Other things appeared to him equally impossible, but he knew that he might not choose which he should believe, and which he should disbelieve. 'I felt,' he said, 'as though my mind and my conscience were in a vice, so tightly held, that even to consider for a moment whether this or that were true in the Roman Catholic teaching was in itself a deadly sin.' He trembled to think that he was on the high-road to being an infidel—and that this road was the broad road which led to eternal destruction. He determined to think no more, but the thoughts came back by night and by day, as he walked the deck, or was alone in his cabin. He imagined that if his mind were put under a strict rule, his thoughts would trouble him less. He would like to have them all mapped out for him, and fixed down to certain subjects. He determined to become a Trappist monk. He was still young, with all his life before him—but eternity was before him also, and what were a few years in comparison with eternity?

* * * * * * *

Off the southern coast of France, surrounded by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, is a very small island. It consists chiefly of red rocks, with sufficient earth to serve as a foothold for ancient pines, and to furnish a bed of thick masses of myrtle growing close to the ground, and for bushes of pink cistus. Long, long ago, about 400 years after the birth of the Lord, a servant of God came to this island, and with a few friends he built and governed a small monastery. Small as it was, it became after some years a burning and shining light in the darkness of the heathenism around.



THE TRAPPIST MONK.

For though the Roman Empire, of which the island formed a part, had begun to call itself Christian, it professed a Christianity little better than paganism, and for the most part clergy and people loved darkness better than light, because their deeds were evil. St. Chrysostom gives a terrible account of the state of those around him, and in other countries, who call themselves Christians. 'I would rather,' he said, 'fall among thieves, than among bishops.'

Yet, amongst these men and women who loved the darkness, there were some who loved the Saviour who had redeemed them. They knew him very imperfectly, but they served him with a devotedness that puts to shame most of those who now have better teaching and greater knowledge. Many of these servants of God, finding that they must otherwise live amongst wars and tumults, or amongst rioting and drunkenness, fled from the world, and lived alone in dens and caves of the earth, or built for themselves quiet retreats where they could worship God together, and work for the good of their fellow-men. Would they not have been better able to do good to men had they lived amongst them? Sometimes it might have been so, but there was a service they could render, the greatest of all, which needed that they should be quiet and alone. These men and women, who kenw the love of Christ, loved the blessed word of God which tells of him. Bibles could only be copied out, as you know, in those old times, and they believed they could in no way serve men so effectually as in providing them with bibles.

In the little pine-clad island a number of them were constantly employed in this work. An old bible, copied by them more than 1,400 years ago, is still kept in the church of a town not far from the island. I do not know when the rule was made, but such a rule exists still, that every monk who enters the monastery is presented with a Latin bible. Of course, there is no copying of bibles there now, nor at any time since the invention of printing. The monks who now live in the island take charge of some orphans, or work in the kitchen garden, which fills almost the whole space between the belt of ancient pines. Those who are not employed in teaching are now—that is to say, for the last twenty or thirty years—under a rule of silence—they are Trappists.

* * * * * * *

To this island the young sailor betook him-

self. He was there cut off from the restless world—which had become to him a sorrowful place, for he had found no peace for his soul—and he had lived amongst those who were walking in darkness, and calling it light. When he arrived, the bible was placed in his hands. He was to be one of the silent Trappists. As he had never been used to labor with his hands, he was allowed to spend his spare time in reading. All round the island stood formerly seven little chapels, the ruins of which remain. He had to walk round daily, and repeat some prayers in each of these chapels. Between whiles he sat on the rocks under the pine-trees with his bible. He had never seen a bible before. He looked anxiously through the New Testament to see if he could find there that the wafer becomes God when the priest consecrates it, and if he ought therefore to worship it. He found neither priest nor wafer, nor consecration, but he read that the first Christians met together to break and eat bread, and to drink wine, quite simply, in remembrance of the Lord's death.

But in searching the pages of the bible there dawned upon him the marvellous light of the glory which the eye of man could never see, till the Spirit of God reveals it—the glory of the grace of the God who is Love. He read that Christ has loved us—us sinners—and washed us from our sins in his own blood. That God, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath made us alive together with Christ—alive with the life of Christ himself. He read that Christ has made peace, perfect peace, between the soul and God, by the precious blood of his cross. That he died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God—bring us so near that we cannot be nearer; made already one with his beloved Son; loved by him as his Son is loved; accepted according to that which Christ is in the eyes of his Father. It was, he said, as if the heavens were opened, and the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shone down into the depths of his soul. He spent the days beneath the pine-trees in rejoicing and praising God. There alone, in the stillness of his island, the waves of the blue sea alone heard, gently washing the myrtle-clad rocks, he had nothing to withdraw his thoughts from his God and Saviour. Each day he found more precious treasures in the book of God.

Thus passed 365 days. He might then for the first time open his lips. He was to take the vows which bound him for life to the Island Monastery. He stood before the Prior and he spoke. But it was to say, 'Since I came to the island, the Lord Jesus has saved me. I cannot remain, I must go into the world outside, and tell others of that which he has told me. I must tell other sinners of his precious blood, and his immeasurable love.' The prior was astonished, but he, and the other monks who were to receive the vows of the young sailor, spoke kindly to him, and told him he must do as his conscience directed him. They would not urge him to remain if he felt he ought to leave. And they wished him God-speed.

* * * * * * *

The young man landed from the island in the bright gay town on the opposite shore. He was now in the midst of talking men and women, and it seemed strange to him after the stillness of his peaceful island. It seemed strange and sad. For no one spoke of Christ, or of God, his Father. No one spoke of heaven, or the way there. They talked of pleasure, or business, or of the weather, or of one another. And he looked across the strip of sea to his quiet island, and said to himself, 'What is the good of all the talking? I was happier when I was alone with God.' But in time he found that amongst the empty and miserable hearts around him there were some who would listen to the message of God. This comforted him, for he had many bitter sorrows to endure.

Although the monks had spoken so kindly, and had respected his conscience and his faith, his family determined to see him no more. The sister he so loved died without any last message to him. His letters were returned unopened, and he was henceforth to be an outcast from his old home. He now learnt what it was to suffer for Christ, and to drink of his cup. But his heart's desire was given him. He became a preacher of the gospel, he had learnt on the island rocks, and is now the pastor of a church among the high Alps. Thus did God own the labors of the faithful men of olden days, who, in their island home, had loved and copied the bible, and handed it down from generation to generation; so that even now that well of living water is still open there, and thirsty souls may still drink of it. From that island the word of God was sent of old to distant lands. From thence did St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, bring it to the heathen Irish. From thence the light shone forth in the darkest days, and even now we have this example given us of the power of that word which abideth for ever.

It was not the monastery, but the word of God, that shed the light abroad—'the only true, the only pure Christianity,' writes the man whose history I have told you, 'the only Christianity that saves is neither the law, nor is it a life of good works; it is not the practice of the most splendid virtues; it is not even the complete sacrifice of self and of all that self holds dear. The true, the only Christianity is Christ; his divine, his adorable person, seen and trusted by the living faith of the heart. And outside of Christ, outside of that faith which owns him alone, which trusts in him alone, there is but the mirage, there is but the delusion and emptiness.

'In finding Thee, all, all, I found,
By faith this blessedness is mine;
Upon Thy breast in peace I rest,
For I am Thine, for I am Thine.'

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Montreal.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Many letters have been crowded out this week, but we hope to print them all later. L.S. writes an interesting letter and throws out a very good suggestion. We should be glad to have this idea taken up by our correspondents. We believe that the testimony of children is blessed to other children and sometimes to their older friends. We believe that our Saviour loves to hear the voices of the young in praise and thanksgiving for their redemption.

Our correspondents may speak perfectly freely, for no names will be published; at the same time, we want only those letters whose writers would not be ashamed to say to the whole world that they had written things in praise of their Redeemer, and for his glory.

Ethelyn's letter speaks of the interest taken in the Prohibition Plebiscite. While it is true that the Prohibitionists had quite a large majority in the Dominion of Canada, one whole province, Quebec, had a great majority against Prohibition, for which reason the Government may feel that it cannot enforce a Prohibition law yet. But we must thank God for what he has done in making so many willing to vote for it, and keep on praying and working and singing until in some way our land is rid of this awful curse of the liquor traffic.

Very few of our correspondents ever mention the Temperance or Sunday school pages. Do they think that is all meant for the 'grown-ups' and teachers? The lessons on both pages are intended to interest and help everyone.

Almost every letter we receive speaks of love for the 'Messenger,' but very few speak of passing the paper on to those who do not get it, or of trying to get others to subscribe for it. Surely what you like so much yourselves your little friends, and your big friends too, would most likely be glad to get. Carry your 'Messenger' to school and show it to some of your schoolmates at recess, or as you are coming out of school. The subscription price is 30c for one year, but if you can send in three or four subscriptions at once, with the money, it will be only 25c. each. So, as there are fifty-two weeks in the year, the price of the 'Messenger,' with all its pictures, and stories and correspondence, is really less than half-a-cent a copy! Some of our friends might make a little pocket money by subscribing for five or ten copies, and selling them at a cent a piece. But perhaps the best way is to try to get others to subscribe for the 'Messenger' themselves. Read the article about the premiums offered by the 'Messenger' and 'Witness.'

With best wishes and love to every reader of the 'Messenger,' Your true friend,

THE EDITOR.

Gilmour.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the correspondence.

I have a pretty cat and a pet canary. We have six sheep, tow horses and three cows.

I have two sisters and one brother. We have an organ, and my brother can play it very well.

My father works on the railway. My brother has a dog and it goes with him after the cows.

We live on a peninsula. My mother has an old farthing. It is dated 1144.

Your ten-year-old reader,
HATTIE.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I always read the children's letters first. I have two sisters; one is five years older and the other is five years younger than I am. I have two miles to go to school, and we have good fun. I live on a farm, and we have seven horses. I have no pets except a yellow cat and two dolls; the name of one is Marjorie and the other Helen. Can Birdie E's aunt L. guess my name? Your reader,

KATIE,
Aged eight.

Port Nelson.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you something about my Sabbath-school teacher. Her name is Miss May P. We all love her most devotedly. This summer she went for a six months' visit to St. Thomas. When she was in St. Thomas she stayed at a place where there was a young lady, about twenty-nine years of age; she is an invalid; she does not care about any sort of religion; she does not read the Bible nor pray. My teacher had a talk with her, but nothing seems to make any impression on her. I have been praying that she may be in some way led to the Saviour, and I am sure the readers of the 'Messenger' will pray for her too. I would like some of the readers of the 'Messenger' to tell in their letters if they are converted, and tell about their conversion; it would make the letters much more interesting.

I was converted at the age of eleven. I then joined the Baptist church. It is a very great trial for some: it was for me, at least. The boys and girls will tease you at first; but 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile ye and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.'

When Miss P. was coming home on the train she met a young lady named Miss Maggie Johnson. She was on her way to China as a missionary. She does not intend to ever come back again. She has given up all her friends and pleasant surroundings to go and tell the heathen about Jesus. Do you not wish there were more like her? From your thirteen-year-old reader,

L. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I have been greatly interested in the correspondence page of the 'Northern Messenger,' and for some time have been intending to write. Two years ago we received a sample 'Messenger' from the 'Weekly Witness,' which we have taken for several years, and I liked it so very much that I began taking it then.

I am sixteen years old, and in my third year at the High School. My studies are French, English, physics and history.

Living in a large city, of course I cannot have as many pets as some of your other readers, but I have one—at least my brother has, though we all claim him. It is a Maltese kitten about a year and a half old. It is very smart for a cat, and can speak for meat just like a dog.

I am a Canadian, and was intensely interested in the Prohibition question. We were all delighted when we heard that the Prohibitionists won. I have been watching your correspondence page to see if anyone from Chicago would write, but I think I will be the first one to do so.

Wishing you long life and prosperity to your valuable paper, I remain, yours truly,

ETHELYN.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—I was glad to see my cousin Winnie's letter in the 'Messenger.' Our crow Jack is shot. A man shot him not long after I wrote my last letter. My little chicken Flossie is growing. We had an ice storm here last night; the trees are all glittering with ice; you can see all the colors of the

Extraordinary Premium Offers

FOR 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS WHO WILL SECURE NEW 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS.

Never before have such handsome premiums been offered on such generous terms to 'Northern Messenger' subscribers for securing new subscribers.

Although the 'Messenger' circulation has increased by leaps and bounds during the past two years, we know that the next-door neighbors of our subscribers are still comparative strangers to it. They have heard of it, of course, but that is not the same as seeing it and looking it over and hearing what their friends think of it. There are still hundreds of thousands of homes that would enjoy the weekly visits of the 'Messenger' very much. To secure the introduction of the 'Messenger' into such homes is our aim in sending out the present Premium Offers. The Premiums are all for our subscribers who will secure the subscriptions of their neighbors.

The offers we are about to make are rendered possible only by reserving them exclusively to present subscribers, and to these only when they secure other subscribers. To see each one of our old subscribers obtaining one of our handsome premiums in this way would delight us greatly.

CONDITIONS.

Premiums are given to subscribers only. That is, to those whose names are on our mailing list and members of their families, or to any member of any school subscribing to the 'Messenger' for general distribution. In cases where members of 'Messenger' families or 'Messenger' schools work for a Premium, the name of the one in whose name the 'Messenger' is sent must be given when sending in subscriptions for premiums.

A premium cannot be given to anyone for sending his own subscription, or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such a subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself he may work for premiums under the Conditions presented on this page.

Premiums cannot be given to anyone securing subscriptions on commission or at reduced rates.

Two 'Messenger' renewals at 30c each count as one new subscription on our premium offers.

If a name sent us as NEW proves to be that of an old subscriber, or is a transfer of the paper from one member of a household to another, in order to secure the premium, another subscription must be sent.

If one member of a household has received the 'Messenger' this year, and it is sent next year in the name of another member of the same household, this is simply a Transfer, and does not increase the number of our subscribers. Such a subscription only counts as a renewal.

A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers, and introduces the 'Messenger' to a household where it has not been received during the past year. For such a subscription practically takes the place of an old one, though the name and address may be new. Such a subscription only counts as a renewal.

INFORMATION.

Foreign postage on the 'Messenger' is 52c per annum.

Send money at our risk by Express Order, Post-Office Order, Postal Note or Registered Letter.

Delivery of premiums is prepaid in every case.

Samples and subscription blanks will be sent on application.

Montreal subscriptions may not apply in our premium offers.

All subscriptions must be marked distinctly 'Renewals,' or 'New,' or 'Transfered,' as the case may be.

Premium offers announced previous to this list are cancelled.

"For Sale."—We offer our premiums for sale at reasonable prices to our subscribers who are not able to earn them.

We, however, prefer that they be earned by obtaining subscriptions.

Write names of subscribers and post-office legibly, to prevent inconvenience to publishers and subscribers. Address all communications 'John Dougall and Son, "Witness" Building, Montreal.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR LOST PACKAGES.

While we use every precaution to ensure the delivery of goods sent by mail, we are not responsible for the loss of goods so sent. We can, however, by means of a system at our command, guarantee the arrival of goods when five cents is added to remittances for this purpose.

HOW WE SELECTED OUR PREMIUMS.

If we have made a mistake it is in offering too valuable goods, instead of the cheaper goods usually used as premiums. If our friends will only realize the difference in quality, our selection will have been warranted.

In choosing our premiums this year, we endeavored to get the most popular articles of the season, and only such as seemed to be of really good value for the price. We would not consider for a moment goods, however cheap, that were reduced because they would not sell, nor would we consider those that sold at fancy prices.

After selecting a large number of articles, these were shown to a few ladies and gentlemen, whose good sense we recognize, and whose opinion we value on such matters, and a vote was taken upon each article, and only such as met with general admiration, and were considered of really good value at their prices, were finally passed for our Premium List. Enthusiasm over the articles adopted ran so high among our referees that a number of sales on a cash basis were booked on the spot, and other orders came in later from these same friends.

We feel confident, therefore, that whether our subscribers earn these premiums by getting new subscribers, or whether they buy them at the cash prices named, they will be perfectly satisfied. Indeed, the cash prices are in many cases very much lower than the same goods bring in our leading stores, notwithstanding that we pay delivery charges. Buying, as we do, in large quantities, we get specially low rates, and it is for this reason that we are able to sell at the prices we name, and pay delivery charges.

We have described the goods honestly. We might have said much more, and still have been within the bounds of truthfulness, but we prefer to underrate rather than overrate our premiums.

CAUTION.

We want particularly to requeset that people do not compare our premiums with cheaper goods described in very much the same terms, and which are inferior.

A Word to our Friends.

The 'Messenger' happens to be the cheapest large 12-page weekly published, so far as we know. But no one should buy it simply because it is the cheapest. The cheapest is often too dear at any price. As indeed we consider to be the case with some papers published at rates as low as their morals.

The 'Messenger' happens to enjoy by far the largest circulation among the religious weeklies of Canada, and continues to advance by leaps and bounds. It certainly seems to be the popular paper of our Dominion, and has overrun its borders into the neighboring Republic. Yet its popularity and success is not a sufficient guarantee that it should be allowed entrance into, and influence over, a family circle. The most popular papers are not always the best, as for example, the sensational newspaper, which always forges to the front in point of circulation.

No one should subscribe to any publication, whether newspaper, magazine, or religious paper, without having better reasons than those mentioned above. It is a serious thing to take a paper into the home. It might put a blight on tender buds. It might be a stumbling block to little feet. It might break some 'bruised reed' of trust in God, might quench some 'smoking flax' of holy desire. Those do well who demand the best paper to be found, and subscribe to it whether it is cheap or dear. The best is the cheapest in the long run.

So, if our subscribers have found the 'Messenger' to be intensely interesting, instructive and inspiring; if they have welcomed its weekly visits as a dear friend, they will not hesitate to renew their own subscriptions NOR WILL THEY FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SECURE NEW SUBSCRIBERS among their friends. To get all that the 'Messenger' offers for only thirty cents a year is a bargain indeed.

When one discovers a helpful book or publication of any kind, one should tell their friends about it. What has helped one, or what one has enjoyed, others will enjoy too. One can exert an influence for good in this way. Influence is a sacred trust.

THE VEST POCKET BIBLE.

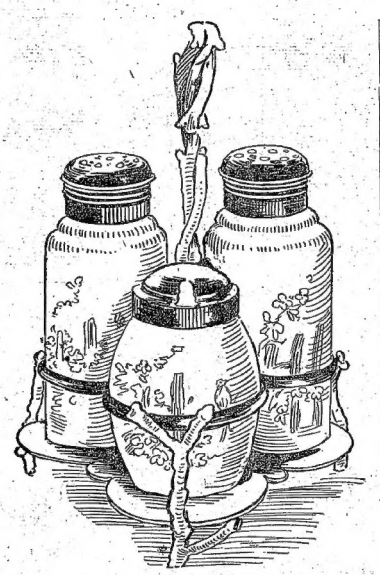
Printed on Oxford India paper, bound in 'French Seal' leather, and lined with leather, Yapp covers, or as they are sometimes called 'divinity circuit,' with red under gold edges, and round corners. Usually sold in the retail stores at $1.50 or $1.75.

This beautiful little book fits nicely into a gentleman's vest pocket, and while the type is necessarily small, it is very readable owing to the fact that it is printed from the very best type, on the very best paper, with the very best ink. The same book, if ordinary bible paper was used would be two or three times the size. Of course, there are no helps or maps, as they would make the book too big for the vest pocket. Many people may prefer this little book for everyday use to the larger print bibles, but it is specially designed for those who want to carry a small bible for casual reference.

Given only to Messenger' subscribers.

For 6 new subscriptions at 30 cents each.

For sale, post-paid, at $1.50.

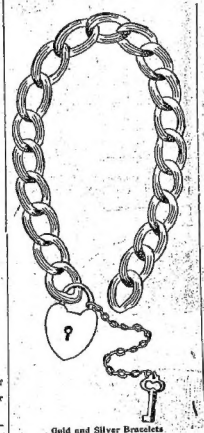


LUNCH CASTER.

This pepper, salt and mustard caster, is one of the daintiest table articles we have to offer. The quadruple silverplate and richly decorated opal bottles present a very pleasing effect. It stands six and one-half inches in height.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 17 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, carriage paid, for $2.75.



Gold and Silver Bracelets

Ladies' Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear 10 years. This is the most popular Chain Bracelet, and very pretty and rich in appearance.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 20 new subscriptions at 30c each.

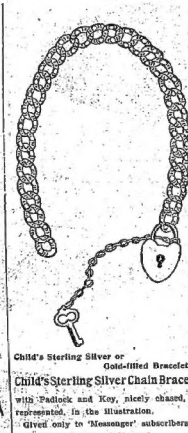
For sale, postpaid, for $3.50.

Ladies' Sterling Silver Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, of same style as the Gold-filled Bracelet.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 18 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $2.25.



Child's Sterling Silver or Gold-filled Bracelets.

Child's Sterling Silver Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, nicely chased, as represented, in the illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 6 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.25.

Child's Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear ten years. These Child's Bracelets are very neat. The Gold Bracelet is like the illustration, but is not chased.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 5 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.05.

SYRUP PITCHER.

This syrup pitcher will give great satisfaction. It has a splendid 'cut off lip' inside, which prevents the syrup running down the outside. It is also a very ornamental piece for the table, being quadruple silver plate and beautifully hand chased.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 11 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, carriage prepaid, for $2.75.

Child's Mug.

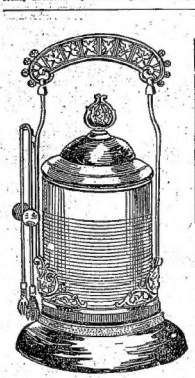
This mug would delight any child as a Christmas or birthday gift. It is quadruple silver plated and gold lined and beautifully chased. The designs may vary slightly but are all pretty.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 7 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, post paid, for $1.35.

NAME ENGRAVED.

We will engrave the cup with any name or initial at the rate of three cents a letter. When ordering this please write the letters very distinctly.



Pickle Caster.

This Pickle Caster is one of the best values we have to offer. It is quadruple silver plate, complete with tongs, as shown in cut, with latest shades of heavy green ribbed glass. It is bright and pretty on a table, and stands about a foot in height.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, carriage paid, for $1.75.

"In His Steps."

SHELDON'S GREATEST BOOK

Thrilling, Inspiring, Forceful.

EVERYONE IS READING IT AND TALKING ABOUT IT.

Sunday-School Teachers would do a good thing by putting this book into the hands of each of their scholars. It will exert a tremendous influence for good upon every member of a home.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for one new subscriber at 30c.

Sold singly, or in lots, at 15c per copy, postpaid.

Napkin Rings.

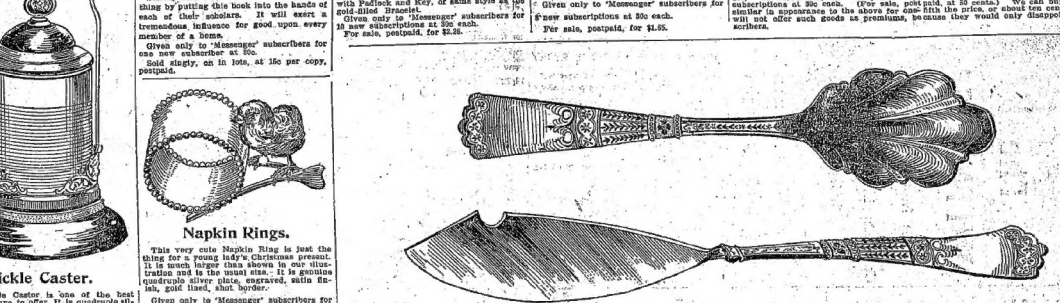
This very cute Napkin Ring is just the thing for a young lady's Christmas present. It is much larger than shown in our illustration and is the usual size. It is genuine quadruple silver plate, engraved, satin finish, gold lined, shot border.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 7 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.35.

NAME ENGRAVED.

We will engrave the initials or first name on the scroll at 5c a letter. When ordering this please write the letters very distinctly.



SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.

The Sugar Shell and Butter Knife, in neat satin-lined box, are very presentable as Christmas Presents. Any lady would like to have them for her table.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight new subscriptions at 30c each, or for sale, post-paid, $1.60.

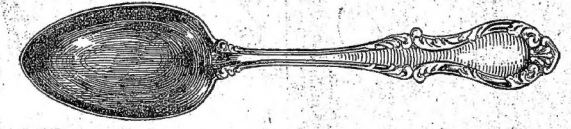
THIS PICKLE FORK

Is a plain 8¼ inch heavily plated fork of neat design, easily washed, strong and durable. To our minds, an ideal pickle fork. Given only to our subscribers for 3 new subscriptions at 30c each. (For sale, post-paid, at 50 cents.) We can buy forks very similar in appearance to the above for one fifth the price, or about ten cents. But we will not offer such goods as premiums, because they would only disappoint our subscribers.

BUTTER DISH.

This butter dish is both ornamental and sensible. The butter rests on a tray or plate leaving a space below for the water from the ice when used. The tray fits firmly yet easily into the dish. It is quadruple silver plate, hand chased, latest design, satin finished cover, with elegant shot border. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 17 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, carriage paid, for $2.75.



JOAN TABLE WARE.

We get these Spoons and Forks to match, from one of the very largest manufacturers in the world. Five million dozen spoons of this kind is their record, and their whole output of table ware is simply enormous. They understand their business and make a good article, and sell at smaller profits than many other manufacturers. They do not profess to make a cheap spoon, but a good spoon and one worth the price. We are convinced that these spoons will disappoint no one. They are very highly spoken of by both the wholesale and retail trade as well as by the manufacturers. The Joan table ware is made, the manufacturers tell us, of the Highest Grade Nickel Silver, and is heavily plated with FINE Silver. It has been the aim of the manufacturers to make them equal in design and workmanship to any similar articles in Sterling Silver, and they certainly have succeeded in turning out a very fine article. For particulars, see left-hand column.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers as follows:

	Quarter dozen Table	Spoons or Forks for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each.
	Quarter dozen Dessert	Spoons or Forks for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each.
	Quarter dozen Tea	Spoons for 5 new subscriptions at 30c each.
	Half dozen Tea	Spoons for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each.
For Sale	Table Spoons or Forks,	delivery paid, $1.85 per quarter dozen.
	Dessert Spoons or Forks,	delivery paid, $1.75 per quarter dozen.
	Tea Spoons	delivery paid, $1.75 per half dozen.

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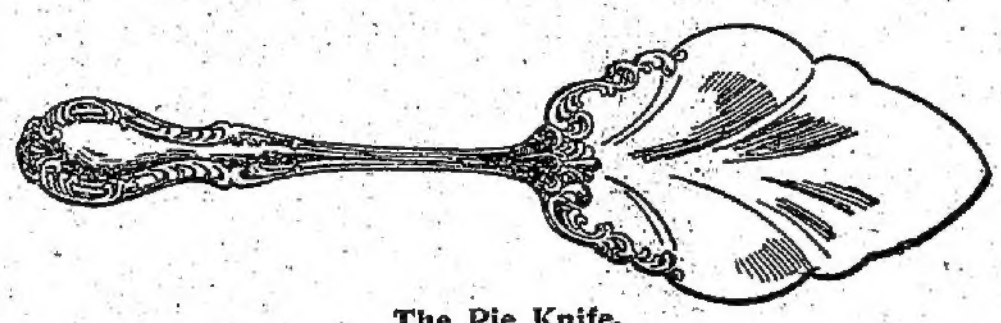
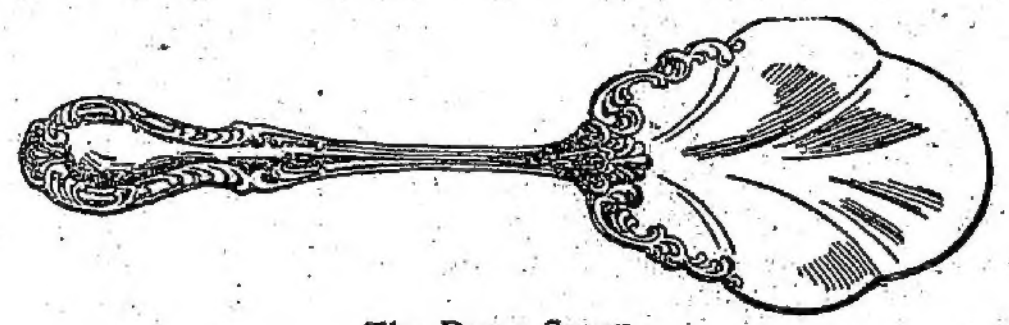
More Joan Table Ware.

We will not need to say much about these goods. They look interesting in the pen and ink sketches, and when one sees them one is charmed with them. They look exactly like sterling silverware. They are the very best plate, and we are assured will wear a lifetime. They are very high-priced goods, and sell in the most fashionable city jewellery stores at fancy prices. We are certain that these premiums will give every satisfaction and anticipate a very large demand for them. For presents they are unequalled.



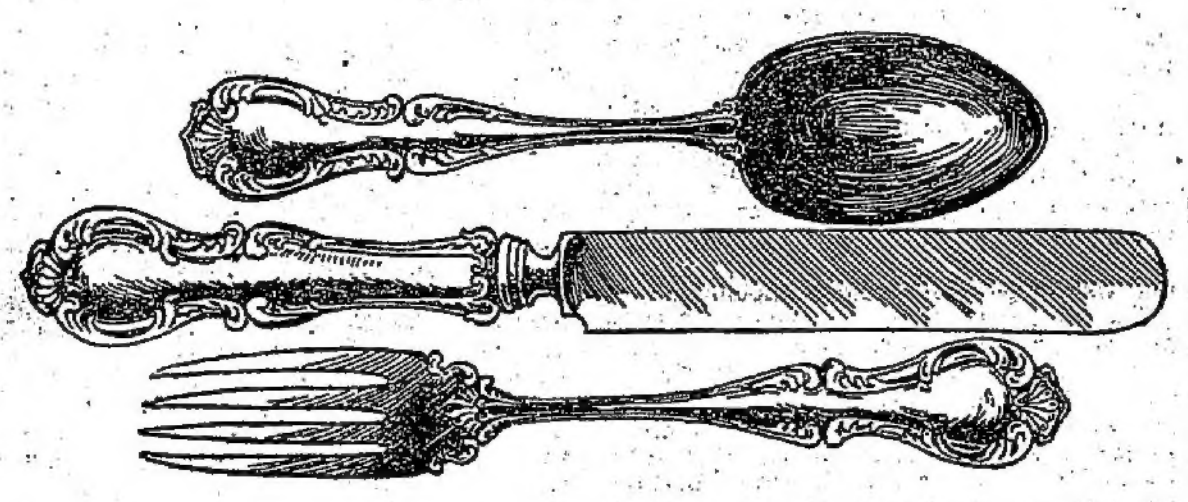
The Pie Knife.

10 inches in length, sold locally at $2, in neat satin lined box, given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, post paid, for $1.60.



The Berry Spoon.

9 inches in length, sold locally at $1.60, in neat satin-lined box. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 7 new subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, post-paid, for $1.40.



The Child's Set.

The Knife is 7½ inches in length and other pieces in proper proportion. This set is suitable for a child from two years to ten years of age, and makes an appropriate present for Christening, Christmas or Birthday. This set comes in a satin-lined box and sells locally at $2.30. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for ten new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.75.

P.S.—We can get children's sets as low as 10c, but we will not offer such goods to our subscribers.

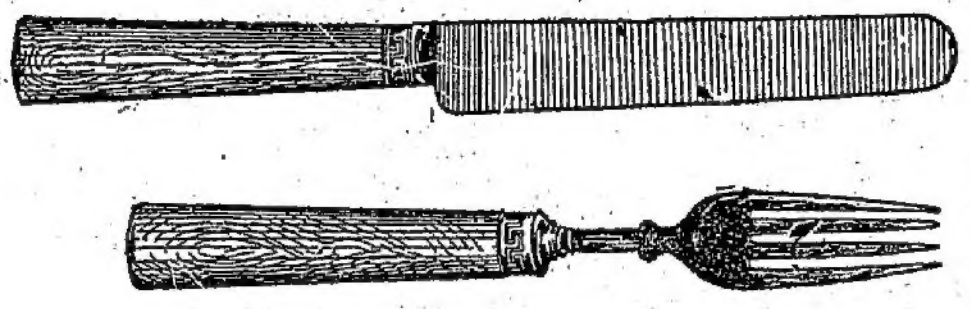


TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS.

This tableware is a novelty, and has but recently been placed on the Canadian market. Nevertheless the sale has been brisk wherever they were shown, and, according to the manufacturers, for these reasons:

1st. The handles are made of Cocobolo, a very hard, close grained wood, which takes a fine polish, and which is of a dark rosewood color. The handles are so firmly fastened on that they will not get loose, or come off when washed in hot water. These handles are of a good size, yet lighter and handsomer than solid steel knives and forks.

2nd. The ferules are of 20 percent nickel silver, and add greatly to the appearance of this cutlery.

3rd. The forks are of the same pattern as the latest models of silver forks, with four tines and rounded backs, tines and edges like a silver fork. They are made of steel, heavily electro-plated with nickel, giving them a beautiful and durable appearance.

4th. The blades are of steel carefully forged and ground thin, elastic and sharp.

These facts, taken in consideration with the reasonable price at which they are sold, will appeal to many good housekeepers.

Some one has suggested that for church or Sunday-school soirees, as well as for ordinary home use, this cutlery would be just the thing.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, one-half dozen pairs, for ten new subscriptions at 30 cents each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.75.

The 'WITNESS,'

Our Best Premium:

Canada's Leading Independent Paper,

The 'Weekly Witness' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers [who have not taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness' during the past year] for obtaining six new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

The 'Daily Witness' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken it during the past year, for 15 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

Rodgers's Jack Knife.

This boy's knife will give great satisfaction. The blade is 2 1-4 inches long and made of the very best of steel, being by the celebrated Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty, etc., etc.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for two new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, post paid, for 35c.

rainbow in them. They look very pretty. There is six inches of snow on the ground. We all go to school but my oldest brother Charlie, who is fifteen. He passed the entrance examination when he was thirteen. My youngest brother Garnet is six. There are five in our family. I am in the senior second class at school, and am going to try for the junior third at Christmas. The little girl that sits with me at school is named Carrie. She is eight years old. We have not got all our turnips in yet, and I am afraid they are frozen. Your little reader,

EVELYN.

Findlay, Man.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school, and last year my sister took it. I like it very much, and am interested in the correspondence column.

I have four sisters and three brothers. The oldest (a boy) is sixteen, and the youngest (a girl) is ten months. My father is postmaster here.

I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader. I am, your thirteen-year-old reader,

SAIDEE.

Russell, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live out of Russell, Man., about three miles. I walk to school every day the days are good; I go to Sunday-school too. I get the 'Messenger,' and like it well. I read the letters and children's part, and my pa and mama read the rest to me. We had a dear little kitty; but one day my dog Colly killed it. My little brother and sister cried very much. We made a grave for it, and buried it, and put a headstone and put flowers over it.

EARNEST,
Aged 10.

Apple Grove, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a flock of chickens, about thirty in all. One is lame and goes on one foot, and I have a smaller one; it follows me like a dog; its name is Phil. I have a pet cat; its name is Bumps, and it opens the stair door and climbs upon my shoulder, and sits up there and rides around. I caught five bass this summer. We live beside a creek. Our day school teacher's name is Miss Victoria Wadleigh. Your twelve-year-old friend,

L. B. D.

Canaan.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I always read the correspondence page first. I am in the ninth grade. I have no sisters, and only one brother. His name is Stanley. My papa is a farmer; he keeps two horses and four cows, and a number of sheep. I belong to a lodge. I am looking forward to Christmas, as it will soon be here.

LENORA.

Apple Grove, Que.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am very fond of it. We have a nice Sunday-school teacher; her name is Mrs. Hiram Breevort. I have three pets; their names are Proudy, Longface and Baby. Baby is so fat that he can hardly walk. Papa has got us an organ, and my sister and I are going to take music lessons. Your twelve-year-old friend,

L. H. D.

Lunenburg, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school. I have three brothers, and father and mother.

We have seven cows, and sell milk. I carry it to eight or nine places. Winter will soon be here; I hope we will have lots of snow.

A lady sends us the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much.

JAMIE.

Springs, Miss., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—Here comes a friend from the southern land. I am going to school at grandma's. We have 45 scholars and 2 teachers. I am going to try and make a good man of myself. My aunt is going to take the 'Messenger,' we think it is such a nice paper. Grandma keeps the post-office here, and there is a telephone in her house that goes all over the country. It is so nice to have a telephone; we can talk without going from home. It is so pleasant to live in the south. We don't have much snow here. It make me feel cold to think about the cold north snow! My papa is a cattle-man; we don't have to shelter our cattle here in the south in the winter at all.

When it does snow we boys do have such fun, but the snow does not stay long on the ground. I do wish that some of the northern boys would come down here in the sunny south, I know that they would enjoy themselves. I would like to write to some of the 'Messenger' boys.

P. J. D., A MISSISSIPPI BOY.

HOUSEHOLD.

Conveniences Multiplied.

(By Lily Rice Foxcroft.)

Not new conveniences added but the old, familiar, indispensable conveniences multiplied, more brooms and mops and dusters, on different floors and at different ends of the house, to save steps; more pans and skillets and mixing-bowls; more can-openers and lemon-squeezers, to prevent delay and confusion in the kitchen; more small dishes about the pantry, to set away odds and ends in. The average housekeeper loses time and strength and temper by stinting herself in just such simple things.

'Where shall I find a dustpan?' asks the tidy visitor, who has upset a vase of flowers on her carpet. 'Oh, I believe the dustpan is downstairs,' answers her hostess, and hurries off to fetch it. 'I can't make my cake yet,' says the oldest daughter, 'Hannah is using the—oven? No, indeed. The egg-beater.' 'I don't know how to begin on these peaches,' complains her sister, 'we can't any of us find the paring-knife.' 'Mayn't I leave my stockings till after dinner?' begs the twelve-year-old, impatient for her Saturday play-time, 'Elsie wants the darning-egg now.'

The dust-pan! The egg-beater! The darning-egg! And not one of these articles of every-day necessity costing more than a quarter. 'The dish towel,' fortunately, is an expression that one does not hear. And yet there are many well-to-do households where the supply of towels and rollers, floor-cloths and dish-mops is not what it should be.

Tack hammers, too, and papers of tacks and nails and screw-drivers and cork-screws and gimlets ought to be plenty. In fact, so far as these small, inexpensive conveniences are concerned, each floor should be complete in itself; as to some of them, each room should be. It is absurd to travel upstairs when scissors are wanted, or downstairs for pen and ink. In a house of any size there should be three or four different places where one could be sure of finding needles, thread, black silks, scissors, a tape-needle and a thimble and as many more where paper, envelopes, postal cards, newspaper wrappers, stamps blotters pens and ink would be in readiness. A pretty pin-holder would not misbecome even the reception-room nor would a pencil-tray with pencils, a penknife and a tiny pad to jot down errands and memoranda.

Pencils in particular are so cheap that nobody ought ever to have to waste a minute looking for one. You cannot get so much abiding comfort out of a dime in any other way, unless you spend it for assorted rubber bands. Filing old receipts and letters, doing up the leggings and mittens for the summer, putting papers over your jelly bowls — all these are mere pastime if you can snap on the willing rubber instead of wrestling with refractory string. But string has its uses too, and upstairs and downstairs both need their deposits of string, with wrapping-paper near by, and perhaps a wooden handle or two for those members of the family who are not too proud to avail themselves of such homely conveniences.

Scrap-baskets are as necessary in the nursery and sitting-room as in the library. Court-plaster is as likely to be needed in one part of the house as another. Calendars are consulted everywhere. Time-tables ought to be as much a matter of course on suburban mantelpieces as match-boxes. Mail cards are greatly appreciated by guests. Candles here and there are a convenience for newcomers who have not learned the location of the gas-jets. Paper-cutters, choice or cheap, one cannot have too many of. In summer there ought to be a fan within arm's length of every easy-chair in the house.

This is not a plea for lavishness and waste. 'More things and cheaper—those we want,' to paraphrase the poet. One silver button-hook costs as much as a dozen ordinary ones, and a dozen is a very fair allowance for a family of six, though eighteen would be better. One ornamental hat-pin would buy enough of plain steel to keep two all the time in every hat of every woman in the family, and save damage to both straw and temper. The cost—to speak of larger things—of one handsome clock would furnish every room in the house with a good, plain timepiece, and greatly promote the comfort of school-children. So of thermometers.

With the lesser articles of wearing apparel the same principle holds good. One need not use things extravagantly, or throw them aside without sufficient mending, merely because one has a good supply on hand. But not to be obliged to mend at once is often a great relief when other work is pressing. Of the small contrivances necessary to a summer toilet—studs, cuff-buttons, belt-clasps, skirt-supporters, safety-pins shoe-lacings, and the like—one needs a number of duplicates to insure one against mishap. Quantity, rather than costliness, say comfort and common-sense, and good taste will hardly quarrel with them—in hot weather. — 'The Congregationalist.'

Concerning Back Yards.

The character of a family is very often indicated by the condition of their back yards. There is no surer test of the general disposition of men and women than is to be found in their surroundings, especially those that are not commonly visible from the front.

Persons who keep things in the rear of their dwellings just as neat and tidy as they do the front, are never taken aback by unexpected visitors. If it should so happen that they change their residences, there is no need that they should use time and money in cleaning up, or that they should leave a mess of ashes, old cans and other debris behind them.

Those who succeed such people are apt to say ugly things; at the very least they will think ugly thoughts. Should the fortunes of life ever bring the two parties in contact, the prejudice created by the unkempt rear yard may work to the disadvantage of the careless ones. In this life nothing is unimportant, not even the care of one's premises, An impression that is disagreeable is hard to banish.

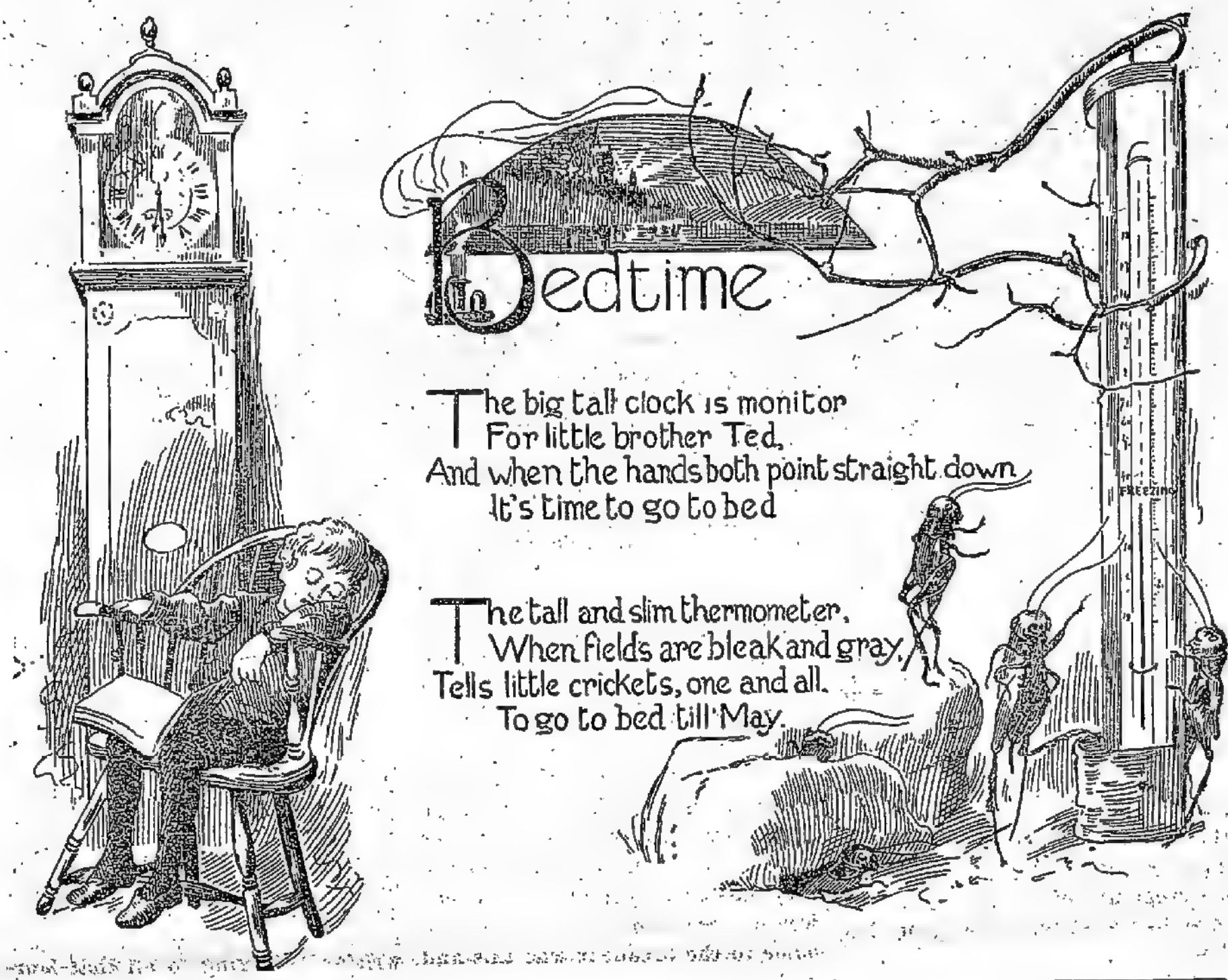
It is related of a young man who was a very eligible 'catch,' and who had been fascinated by a very comely young lady, that he called at the residence of his inamorata one day during the temporary absence of the family down town, and having been admitted by an ignorant or stupid or malicious servant, was compelled to see through open doors such evidence of slouchiness that he broke off his visits. In that case it was the inside of the house, not the rear, that opened the eyes of the young fellow, and drove love to the rear.

There is such a thing as being too cleanly, The mother who carefully darkens and closes one part of her house, who turns her children out on the public streets, lest they might soil something, makes such a blunder. The middle course is the best, involving neither a fanatical devotion to the scrubbing-brush and the dust-pan, nor a criminal indifference to the element of cleanliness. The whole house and all the surroundings should be for family use, but there should be a decent regard for ordinary cleanliness. Especially at this season of the year do the laws of sanitation enforce the counsel, 'Clean up your back yards and alleys.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Selected Recipes.

Ice-cream.—Put a quart of cream into a saucepan, with a pound of sugar, and set over the fire to come to a boil; take up, strain, flavor, add a quart of cold cream, let cool, pour into a freezer and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, repack in salt and ice, and stand aside to mellow.

Fish Balls.—Mash potatoes. Chop the boiled salt fish very fine. Put in a few spoonfuls of thick cream, a little butter and salt. Beat an egg and mix all thoroughly together. Make in small balls, with floured hands, and roll lightly in flour. Drop into a kettle of piping hot lard, and if made just right you will have a dish of delicious brown balls. Both potatoes and fish should be newly cooked.


Bedtime
The big tall clock is monitor
For little brother Ted,
And when the hands both point straight down
It's time to go to bed
The tall and slim thermometer,
When fields are bleak and gray,
Tells little crickets, one and all,
To go to bed till May.
FREEZING

Judging in Haste.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'I shall never speak to Grace Lee again as long as I live, never!'

'Why, what is the matter, Lulu?'

Aunt Carrie asked it as a little girl with a heated, angry face, came to the porch on which she was sitting.

'I didn't think Grace would treat me so,' said Lulu, bursting into tears. 'I never will play with her again!'

'I am sorry to hear you talk so of your little friend,' said Aunt Carrie. 'I thought you loved each other very much.'

'We do. I mean we did,' said Lulu. 'But, now, wait till I tell you, auntie. When we were coming home from school Grace asked me to come over after dinner and play with her. I did, and when I got near her house I saw her going down the other street; when she had invited me, auntie! And she looked round and saw me, then she began running as hard as she could right the other way. What do you think of that?'

'Well, my dearie, I don't know exactly what to think. But I believe that when you come to understand it you will find that Grace did not mean to be unkind or rude.'

Lulu shook her head doubtfully.

'When I was a little girl like you,' went on Aunt Carrie, 'I had a bit of experience which showed me how foolish and wrong it is to judge people when we do not understand them. I had a friend whom I loved as you love Grace. We always walked to school together and ate our lunches together; and out of school we were together as much as we could be.'

'Just like Grace and me,' said Lulu.

'One day I saw that Elsie had something that she wished to hide from me; something carefully wrapped in paper. I saw her showing it to one or two of the other girls and whispering about it. When school was out she hurried away with the paper and went home by herself.

'I was very angry, and when I went to school the next morning I went a different way from the one on which I always met Elsie. When we met she asked me why, but I would not tell her. I kept away from her and would not speak when with tears in her eyes she begged me to tell her why I was angry.

'It went on so for a month — I keeping out of Elsie's way. Then, my birthday came, and in the morning I was told some one wanted to see me at the door. I went and found Elsie. She had a little geranium plant with one beautiful blossom on it.

'"Here," she said, holding it out to me, "Mrs. Grant gave me two little rooted plants a good while ago. I had a dreadful time hiding them from you one day in school, for I wanted to give you one for a surprise on your birthday. It has bloomed just in time, you see, and—I don't know why you're angry with me, but I thought that when it was your birthday you'd forgive me, and we could be friends again."'

'O auntie!' said Lulu.

'Yes, my girlie, you may guess how ashamed I felt when I put my arms around my dear little friend and told her it was I who must be forgiven. Just think how all that time I had been keeping angry,

hateful feelings in my heart, and for no reason at all. Isn't it a pity that little ones should not always remember how the dear Lord loves to see their hearts filled with his own spirit of loving-kindness?'

'There's Grace at the gate now,' said Lulu.

A bright-faced little girl came up the walk.

'I've been looking for you, Lulu,' she said. 'Why didn't you come to our house? I had to go a little errand for mamma. She was in a great hurry and told me not to stop at all. So when I saw you coming I ran fast so I could get back quick.'

Lulu smiled at her aunt and whispered, 'I'll remember,' as she kissed her good-by. Then the two little girls went away chatting together. —'Mayflower.'

A Little Girl's Victory.

'Our Sunday Afternoon' gives us this beautiful idea of forgiving child-life:

Two little girls were playing together. The elder one had a beautiful doll in her arms, which she was tenderly caressing. The younger one crept up softly behind her and gave her a sharp slap upon her cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was sitting in the adjoining room and saw it all. She expected to see and hear another slap, a harder one, in retaliation. But no. The victim's face flushed, and her eye had a momentary flash of indignation. She rubbed her hurt cheek with one hand, while she held the doll closer with the other. Then in a tone of gentle reproof, she said:

'Oh, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do that!'

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she might, but made no reply.

'Here, Sally,' continued the elder girl, 'sit down here in sister's chair. I'll let you hold dolly a while if you will be careful.'

Sallie's face looked just then as if there were some 'coals of fire' somewhere around, but she sat down with the doll on her lap, giving her sister a glance of real appreciation, although it was mingled with shame. The hidden looker-on was deeply touched by the scene. It was unusual, she thought, to see a mere child show such calm dignity and forgiveness under persecution. Presently she called the child and questioned her.

'How can you be so patient with Sallie, my dear?'

'Oh,' was the laughing answer, 'I guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much. You see, Sallie's a dear girl,' excusingly, 'but she's got a quick temper, and Sallie forgets herself sometimes. Mamma said that if Sallie should do angry things to me and I should do angry things to her, we'd have a dreadful time, and I think we would. Mamma said I should learn to give the "soft answer," and I'm trying to.'

The lady took her in her arms and kissed her. 'My little dear,' she said, fondly and earnestly' 'I think you have already learned the lesson.'

Bread.

One day I took a ramble through the business part of the city of Smyrna, in Asia. I purchased some beautiful grapes for a cent or two, and desiring something to eat with them I made my way to a baker's establishment and purchased some bread. So far as I can remember the bread was all one pattern, not unlike the Scotch bannock, as large as a small dinner plate. It was stamped with a peculiar pattern very like a honey-comb; the pattern was so prominent that it gave the name to the bread; it was this and nothing else which accompanied the broiled fish which the disciples in their wonder and joy gave to the Master, mentioned in Luke xxiv., 42—a verse which has often puzzled bible readers, and which commentators have not thrown much light upon.

The baker's establishment was a large one compared with other shops in the vicinity. The master, a benevolent and well-dressed Turk, gave me a smile of welcome as he took my money for the bread, and I tarried in his presence to eat it. In the interior I observed the foreman busily at work with two assistants, I had not tarried long in the presence of the master-baker when a customer hove in sight in the person of a lad very poorly clad and with naked feet. He did not bring money, but a stick. When the bread was put before the boy he handed the stick to the master-baker; who picked out its mate from a number of others hanging on the wall beside him; then he brought the two halves together in his hand, and when adjusted he took from his girdle the knife which Turks always carry and cut a notch in proof of the transaction; he returned the stick with the new notch to the boy, who went his way with his bread, the baker hanging up the counterpart in its place. As a 'guarantee of good faith,' I thought this simple tally-stick was complete.

It is nearly fifty years since I stood in the presence of this master baker, who, thus making two sticks into one, as mentioned in Ezekiel xxxvii., 19, taught me more than any books I have consulted on that interesting verse.—H.M., in 'Everybody's Magazine.'

Pride Had a Fall.

A little boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses, and was greatly elated thereby, was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

'O no,' said the boy boastfully, 'I can learn any verse in the bible in five minutes.'

'Can you, indeed And will you learn one for me?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse,' said the minister handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther: 'Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is the month Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language.'

Master Conceit entered upon his task with confidence, but at the end of one hour, to his mortification, could not repeat it without a slip.—'Christian Advocate.'

Two Maidens.

I know a winsome little maid,
So fair to see—
Her face is like a dainty flower.
So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet content makes beautiful,
My little lass.

I know another maiden well;
She might be fair—;
Her cheek is like a roseleaf soft,
Like gold her hair.
But ah! her face is marred by frowns,
Her eyes by tears,
For none can please. I dread to think,
Of coming years.

—Gertrude Morton Cannon, in 'Little People.'

Where the Sunbeams Shine.

(RECITATION FOR SIX GIRLS.)

(M. S. Haycraft in 'Temperance Record.')

FIRST GIRL.

Where the golden sunbeams shine
All the happy day;
Where the smiling flow'rets twine,
'Tis the Temperance way.
Come, oh, come, and with us tread
Where the skies are bright o'erhead.

SECOND GIRL.

In the morning of our life
Onward we will go,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
Where the sunbeams glow.
Temperance paths are safe and blest,
Calm and fair, and ever best.

THIRD GIRL.

In the ways of Drink are woes,
Perils, wounds, and tears;
There the heart in shadow knows
Bitter grief and fears.
Leave the road of wrong and night,
Choose ye freedom, choose the light.

FOURTH GIRL.

Here is sunshine glad as May,
Here doth music sound;
Voices loving, voices gay,
Ring good news around.
Temperance ways with Hope are sweet,
Heartsease twineth round our feet.

FIFTH GIRL.

Some may tempt us to forsake
This, the Temperance way:
But this path we'll ever take,
And unfearing say
Unto Drink where'er we go,
One and all, for ever 'No!'

SIXTH GIRL.

Start with us this happy hour,
Join the glad and free,
Shaking off Drink's darksome power
Through all years to be.
With the band of Temperance move
Up the sunny ways of Love.

ALL.

Hand in hand the Temperance band
Onward, upward goes;
Heart to heart we'll do our part
Lifting shade of woes.
Calling, calling to the light,
To the sunlit road of right.

Why Tom Dean Took the Pledge.

Tom Dean was driving his master's children home one night. It was a close, still evening, and dark in the lanes between the high hedges. Tom was deep in thought. He had been persuaded to go to the temperance meetings which were often held in the village, and he was more than half-minded to join the good cause and take the pledge. But Tom was a sober lad, and said to himself, 'What's the use? I never drink anything to do me harm as it is, and how should I be the better for promising that I never would?' He was rather afraid of being laughed at, too, and of being thought a silly. He wanted to join, really, but he was a little afraid, as so many are, of taking the first step. Blackthorn was trotting out briskly, and Tom's thoughts were suddenly checked by the horse stopping suddenly and swerving to one side. The steep bank threw a dark shadow, and in it Tom could see nothing, and urged his pony on. But Blackthorn only moved a step, and swerved more to one side, and showed as plainly as he could that he was not going on for anyone. Tom could not understand it, and gave him a sharp cut, which made him dance and throw up his head, but not one step forward did he go.

'There's something the matter!' said Tom, and down he jumped to see. A few paces in front of wise Blackthorn, quite hidden in the shadow, lay a long dark object in the road, Tom peered anxiously at it—was it a dead man? A horror crept over him—what should he see, and how should he tell the poor children, who were beginning to call out to know what was the matter? Blackthorn stood still enough, and Tom bent over the prostrate form, and uttered a growl of disgust when he found who it was—George Mason, lying perfectly unconscious in a drunken sleep, just where he had fallen. It was George Mason who had laughed at him the other day for going to the temperance meeting, and who had called him a milksop, and whose ridicule he dreaded, although he hardly liked to confess it to himself. And here lay George Mason, dead drunk on the highroad, in danger of being run over at any moment, his life saved by wise little Blackthorn.

Tom told the children what had happened, then he rolled George Mason, not too gently, into the hedge, where he was pretty safe, and mounting to the box again drove home with a fresh subject for his thoughts.

George Mason had said 'He could take care of himself! he wasn't going to tie himself down never to take a drop in moderation! etc., etc.,' and here he was lying out all night, helpless, incapable, owing his life to the pony, who was much, oh! so much the wiser of the two—'And the better of the two,' said Tom, as he patted Blackthorn's neck, when he was making him comfortable for the night.

'That's the drink for you and me, my Blacky!' cried Tom, as he saw the pony take a long drink of the water he had carried into his stable. 'I'll never taste no other, lest I come to lie on the roadside along with George Mason some fine summer night.'

And he never did. Tom took the pledge at the next temperance meeting, and before long he had persuaded George Mason to come with him too and give up the hateful drink. It was a bit of a pinch for him at the first, for it did not only mean doing without beer and spirits, but it meant breaking with his old companions and old habits—giving up a cheerful hour in a bright, warm public-house; it meant being called after in the street, and being laughed at by his old friends. But Tom and George stuck together, and they lived to be wise and faithful men, who prospered in life, and who were wont to say that they owed their first step on the ladder of life to little Blackthorn!

'The pony taught us a lesson, Tom,' George would say; 'I know who had the best right to the name of brute that night!'

'Yes, we have learned to drink with the beasts since then,' Tom would answer; 'and if all men would drink what the good God has made for them and us and take nothing else, as they do, the world would be a happier and better place for millions.'

I think Band of Hope children will like to know that the story about Blackthorn is quite true, and that a poor, wretched, drunken man did indeed owe his life to the wise little pony.—'The Adviser.'

International Temperance

An excellent friend of the temperance cause, who, in addition to active service with the ordinary temperance societies, makes much effort to induce the churches within reach of his influence to take up this branch of the Christian enterprise, observed that many persons attending places of worship did not attend temperance meetings or purchase temperance literature. After some consideration he decided that if a person would take sufficient interest to act as secretary—quietly take the names of persons above fourteen years of age who were abstainers, and supply them with a card of membership and quarterly circular — there are many who would willingly pay a penny a year, and by this means be kept in touch with the temperance world. He believed it would be an excellent way of retaining a hold on Band of Hope members, and keeping them interested in the work. In consequence, he named the matter to the executive of the British Temperance League, who, after inquiries, authorized the secretary to make the attempt. The name is ambitious, but it is hoped that the work will spread, and be helpful not only in the United Kingdom, but in other lands. The great difficulty is the simplicity of the scheme and the small subscription. There is no margin for large expenditure, and the work will have to make its way largely by its proved value. There is no committee needed, no public meetings required, only a genuine earnest secretary, who will, in the church he or she attends, look up the people, gather their pence, and then distribute the circulars as the quarters come round. It is earnestly hoped that the venture will be found of service in the widening and deepening of interest in the great work of the Temperance Reformation. —'Temperance Record.'

The Non-Smoker's Song.

(Wm. Kitching in 'Temperance Record.')

Oh, who would be a chimney, boys,
The air with smoke to fill,
To dim the light, and blear the sight,
Just like a walking mill?

Oh, who would dull their senses, boys,
With that narcotic weed,
That Raleigh brought, who vainly thought
From bondage to be freed?

Oh, who would be a captive, boys,
To habits unrefined,
That dull the brain and nothing gain,
But enervate the mind?

Oh, who would seek temptation, boys,
Where Bacchus reigns supreme,
Where smokers drink, while glasses clink,
And life is but a dream?

Oh, who would waste their money, boys,
On what no profit brings?
No fruitful sheaves tobacco leaves
But mounts on sable wings.

I hate the smoke of city folk,
No pleasure 'tis to me;
From all the world if smoke upcurled,
No smoker would I be!

Clevedon, Somerset.

A gentleman said to us, 'I do not favor prohibition. It would be an injustice to the men in the business; besides, it would throw thousands out of employment.' We replied, 'You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view. Just before the war closed, a government contractor said in a car, "I do hope the war will not close under two years. I shall lose thousands of dollars; besides many men will be turned out of employment from the government works." A lady passenger, clad in robes of mourning, rose to her feet, and with a tearful voice said, "Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldiers' cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in front of the foe. Oh, God! I wish this cruel war would close now." He saw the point. Do you? It may be your boy or your girl, that will fall next victim to the drink 'industry'(?) Do you consider the 'trade' worth such a price? If not, for your own sake, and for the sake of other fathers and mothers, stop the murderous traffic.—'Irish League Journal.'

LESSON XI.—DEC. 11.

Trying To Destroy God's Word.

Jeremiah xxxvi., 20-32. Read the chapter. Memory verse, 32.

Home Readings.

M. Jer. xxxvi., 1-9.—God's word delivered to Jeremiah.
T. Jer. xxxvi., 20-32.—Trying to destroy God's word.
W. Isa. xl., 1-17.—God's word shall stand forever.
T. Matt. xxiv., 29-51.—'My words shall not pass away.'
F. Jer. xxvi., 1-24.—'The Lord hath sent me unto you.'
S. Jer. xxxv., 1-19.—The faithful Rechabites—The unfaithful Jews.
S. I. Pet. i., 1-25.—The word of the Lord endureth forever.

Golden Text.

'The word of our God shall stand forever.'—Isa. xl., 8.

Lesson Story.

Jeremiah, one of the 'Four Greater Prophets,' was both prophet and priest in Israel for over forty years. He began to prophesy in the thirteenth year of King Josiah, and with unrivalled courage proclaimed God's word faithfully to the gainsaying and backsliding people as long as he lived.

In the fourth year of Jehoiakim, son of the excellent Josiah, Jeremiah was told by God to write on a roll all his former prophecies, from the first days down to that time. Jehovah would give his erring people another chance to repent and be saved from the awful punishment which must follow their sin. Jeremiah got Baruch to write all the words as he dictated them, and when the roll was finished he asked Baruch to read it to the people. Jeremiah seems to have been forbidden to preach to the people, so he had to send Baruch with the long warning and call to repentance, hoping that in some way it would touch the heart of the people.

Baruch took the book and read it in the temple and on the occasion of a fast he read the message from God to all the people assembled in Jerusalem. This reading came to the knowledge of the princes of Judah, and they sent for Baruch. Having heard the prophecy, they decided that the king ought to hear it, as it was of such vast importance to the nation. They carefully laid the roll away and went to tell the king. He insisted on hearing the book read, so Jehudi began to read it. But instead of being filled with penitence for his sins, the king was filled with rage at the rebuke. Taking the manuscript from the hand of the reader, the king deliberately cut it in pieces with a penknife, and put the pieces one after another in the fire until all the roll was burnt.

The princes begged the king not to destroy God's word, but neither the king nor any of his servants had any fear or repentance toward God. Jehoiakim sent his servants to take Jeremiah and Baruch, probably with the intent to kill them, but God protected his servants. After this God commanded Jeremiah to write again all his prophecies. He did so, and we have them now after about twenty-five hundred years in the book of Jeremiah.

Lesson Hints.

'The roll'—the manuscript book containing all Jeremiah's prophecies.

'The winter-house'—the Oriental houses are built with an airy upper story, which is used in summer, and a warmer interior or lower story, which is used in winter. Thus the 'summer' and 'winter' houses simply mean the different apartments of the same house.

'The ninth month'—December. Their year began two weeks before the feast of the Passover.

'A fire on the hearth'—in the brazier, or fire-pan, which was filled with hot coals and set in the middle of the room.

'The penknife'—the knife worn by the scribes and used to sharpen their quill pens.

'Cast it into the fire'—thinking thus to finally and forever destroy the prophecy. But burning the warning could not keep the punishment from coming upon the sinners. Unbelief in God's word cannot make it untrue. We quote from 'Peloubet's Notes' a number of ways in which men may try to destroy God's word:

1. By forbidding people to read it, as is done in several countries.

2. By rejecting the Bible as the word of God, hating it, ridiculing it, perverting it, denying it.

3. By neglecting it, treating it as if it did not exist, letting it remain unread, unstudied; and keeping away from church and Sunday school.

4. By persecuting those who preach and teach it, especially those who have different views of its contents from our own. By attempting to limit investigation, and restrict free thought and discussion.

5. All joking about the Bible, connecting puns and funny stories with its most precious verses, using its truths irreverently. Men thus raise an army of doubts, and make God and heaven and religion unreal, far-off myths instead of present reality.

6. By not obeying its precepts. Only he who does the truth can understand it.

Sometimes we cut out some leaves of the Bible.

1. By denying or softening its warnings and reproofs.

2. By reading only portions of the Bible and not the whole. How many of you have read the whole Bible even once?

3. By recognizing and emphasizing only a part of its great truths.

4. By false interpretations or misrepresentations of its meaning.

5. By seeing truths as expressed in only one form, while every great truth is set forth in many ways by statement, history, parable, psalm, proverb, object lesson and symbol.

Questions.

1. Who was Jeremiah?
2. What was the name of the king who tried to destroy God's word?
3. What was the 'roll' which the king cut up?
4. Was the word of God destroyed?
5. How can we best preserve God's word?

Suggested Hymns.

'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'Search me, O Lord,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling you,' 'Return, O wanderer!' 'O worship the King,' 'Why do you wait?' 'Over the line,' 'Though your sins be as scarlet,' 'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Trying to destroy God's word. Jeremiah xxxvi., 20-32.

God's word was meant to be heard, not hid. Verses 20, 21.

It is easier to burn the Bible than to destroy God's word. Verses 23-25. Also Matt. xxvii., 35.

They are secure whom God hides. Verse 26.

God's word should not be rejected because it is bitter to the carnal mind. Rejection of that word is sure destruction to the soul. Verses 27-31.

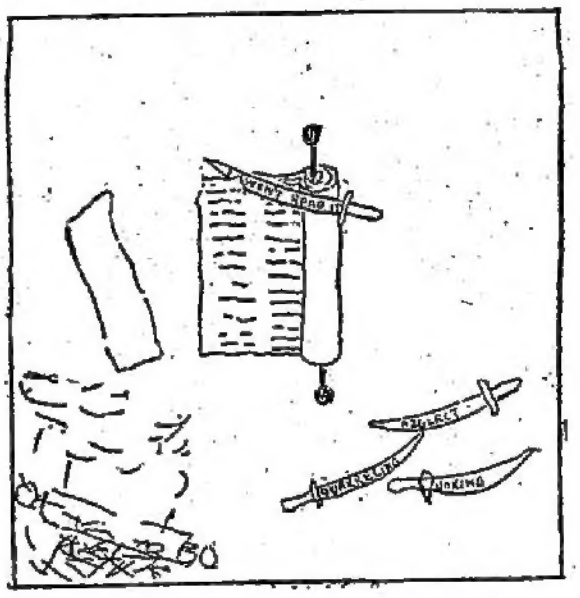
Blessed are they who obey God in the face of fierce persecution. Verse 32.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

Another Bible lesson, the foolish king cutting the roll upon which the prophet had inscribed God's message. Fire and knife cannot destroy it, as he later finds. Not one little iota can pass away. All will be fulfilled. Here is the roll and some of the knives Satan lays by our hands that we may be tempted to destroy the value of the word of God. 'I won't read it,' says one knife, it might shut off some of my pleasures and the determination hardens the heart.

'Neglect' is another. 'Oh, yes, I will read it some time, but really I am too busy, I want to do something else, and Satan keeps pushing in front of us some new thing we want to do until dust lies thick on the cover and it is lost again. 'Quarrelling' is another knife Satan puts in our hands when he finds us bound to read the word. Well then, he says, read it for the sake of some pet theory of yours, of proving that you are right and your neighbor wrong, and he laughs as he sees the sweet words turned into bitterness and messages of comfort into weapons of offence. Still others of us he leads astray with that knife called 'Joking.' It is so easy to joke about names, and twist the well-known verses so as to raise a laugh. There are so many good stories one can tell; but,



oh! how they stick! Sometime you want the message of joy some verse brings, and, lo! Satan holds up that joke to your mind, and then joy is cut off; you can only think of the laugh. Don't joke about Bible verses or names or facts, they are too great, and good and holy to lower in that way. 'Better not;' far better.

Teach Heroism.

(Mary R. Baldwin, in 'S.S. Times.')

Children are born hero-worshippers, and mean to be heroes themselves; and it is this love of heroism, so paramount within them, which is always asking for nourishment, and which is one of the strong points which may be seized, upon which to base a high life-purpose for them.

Do these children find in our Sunday-school the encouragement they need for their love of heroism? Is a great deal of our latter-day literature of the sort that illustrates the passage, 'Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ'? Have we not in our reaction from the old standards of good living, dropped too far down? We have been very much afraid of becoming 'goody-goody,' in our pictures of model lives, and have quite mistaken the position of the inspirer. In trying to become natural, we have missed power—the something that must save any work from being commonplace; the quality without which no picture of life can become a living one before the soul's eyes. The children are not only to be amused; their enthusiasm for grand living must be nourished and enlarged through powerful illustrations. They must see heroes pass before them; and here let it be whispered in the ear of consecrated genius: 'Do not think you cheapen your gifts by using them for the Sunday-school. If you have the power of moving the young heart and mind by your pictures, are you not called to be a high priest in the holy place of the temple of your God?'

If gifted ones would only realize this, and would set themselves to the interpretation of truth, surrendering themselves to a high spiritual standard, and not allow themselves to be shadowed by the popular clamor for amusement for the children, not suffer themselves to fear that they will shoot above the experience of the common child, we might have a literature of power for our Sunday-schools.

The suggestion of an 'attendance thermometer' for Sunday-schools, already adopted in some schools, is thus described in the 'Lookout.' 'A large double thermometer, four feet high and correspondingly wide, in which a red ball, two inches in diameter, represents the mercury in the cup, and a red cord the size of a lead pencil represents the standing column in the tube. A slit in the back of the board enables one to raise or lower the cord at will, and so indicate the day's attendance upon the graduated scale on the face, every half-inch of which indicates five.'

To Be Seen of Men.

(By J. Smiley.)

My work was finished, I had labored long
On what I thought would please the eyes of all,
And I, well pleased, heard its admirers call
It beautiful and perfect; yet the throng
Who pressed admiring round held one sad face,
Which looked disapprobation in its gaze.

I asked the question—'What is wrong with it?'
He touched it, and drew forth a silken thread.
'See, this is rotten,' were the words He said,
'And this is gilt, not gold, it is not fit
To stay in such work—this thread will fade,
Fast colors only should therein be laid.'

He pulled out all that were below the mark,
Leaving a wreck, or so it seemed to me.
But now He seemed the better pleased to be,
The bright threads all pulled out, the dull and dark
Were all He suffered to remain,
Tears filled my eyes which I could not restrain.

'Nay, do not weep,' said He; 'begin again,'
This is your life-work. If, henceforth, you try,
To work for the applause of the Most High,
And not, as erstwhile, to be seen of men,
Your work will stand longer than yonder sun,
And, when 'tis finished, He will say "Well done."'

I now am working on a new design,
In which no gilt nor tinsel finds a place,
And yet it may be some day He will trace
A beauty in this humble work of mine.
Then will my heart be better filled than when
I wrought my life work to be seen of men.
—'Christian Guardian.'

I Am The Door.

(By Frank Walcott Hutt.)

Whatever gate, thy path before,
Seems closed unto thy soul's demands,
God's mercy, like an open door,
Ajar forever stands.

In Holman Hunt's great picture called 'The Light of the World,' we see One with patient, gentle face, standing at a door, which is ivy-covered, as if long closed. He is girt with the priestly breastplate. He bears in his hand the lamp of truth. He stands and knocks. There is no answer and he still stands and knocks. His eye tells of love; his face beams with yearning. You look closely and you perceive that there is no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It can be opened only from within. Do you not see the meaning? The Spirit of God comes to your heart's door and knocks. He stands there while storms gather and break on his unsheltered head, while the sun declines, and night comes on with its chills and its heavy dews. He waits and knocks, but you must open the door yourself. The only latch is inside.—J. R. Miller, D.D.,

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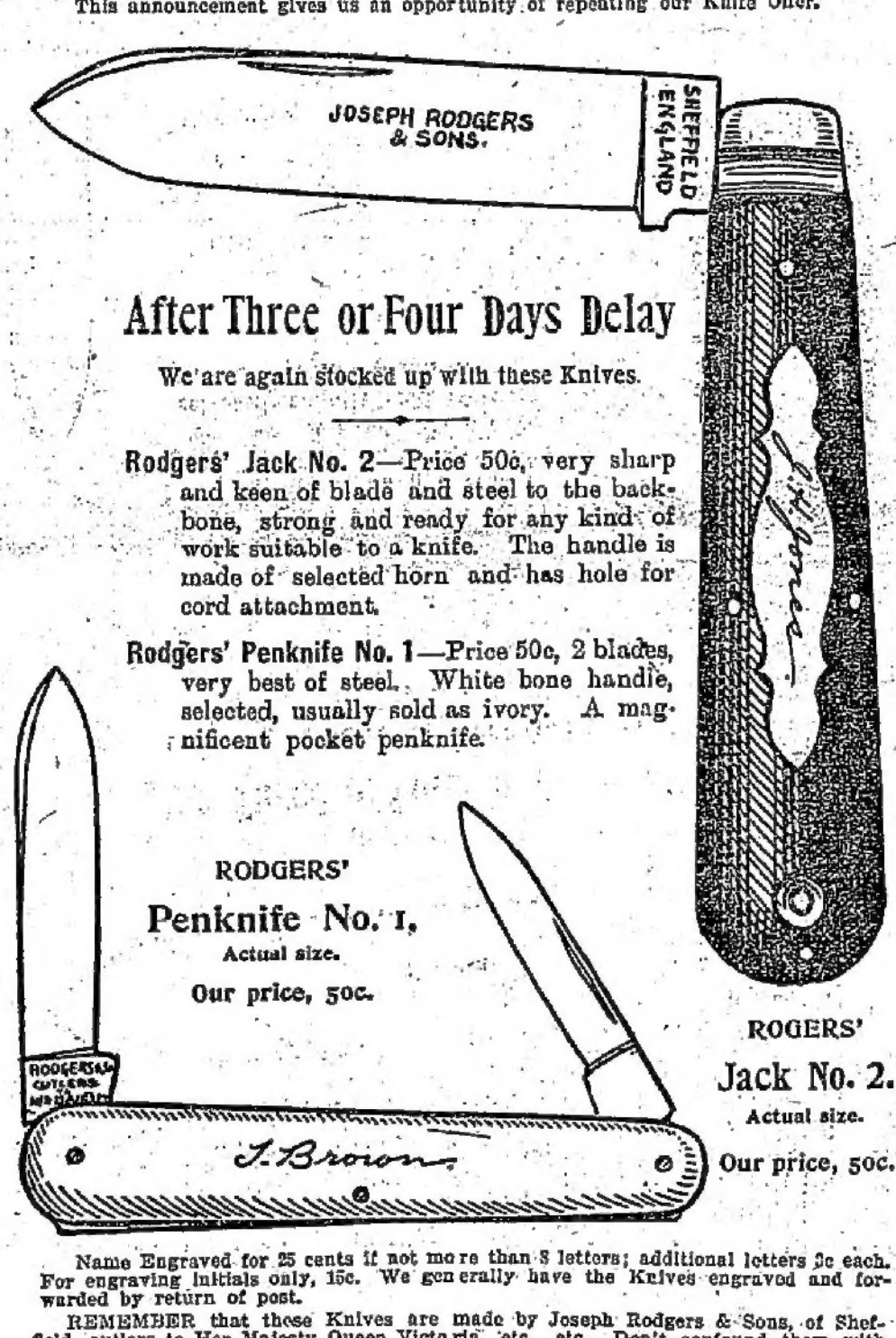
Chapter v.

Explanation and Repetition.

There has been such a run on our Pocket Knives that our own stock became entirely exhausted. Not only that, but we bought up every knive of the kind we advertised that we could get of the great wholesale firms of this city, and still we could not supply the demand.

We found these knives in the retail stores but they charged 75c each and that was out of the question as we had to sell at 50c each. So we telegraphed wholesalers at a distance and were delighted to find that we could stock up with enough of those Rodgers Knives till the consignment from Sheffield, which we are expecting daily, comes to hand.

This announcement gives us an opportunity of repeating our Knife Offer.



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Rodgers' Jack No. 2—Price 50c, very sharp and keen of blade and steel to the backbone, strong and ready for any kind of work suitable to a knife. The handle is made of selected horn and has hole for cord attachment.

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Penknife No. 1,
Actual size.
Our price, 50c.

RODGERS'
Jack No. 2.
Actual size.
Our price, 50c.

Name Engraved for 25 cents if not more than 8 letters; additional letters 2c each. For engraving initials only, 15c. We generally have the Knives engraved and forwarded by return of post.

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NO REDUCTION from these rates, even to storekeepers. The price is too low as it is. Fifty cents must accompany each order for a knife and the cost of engraving name or initials must be added when desired.

SEND MONEY at our risk by Express or Post-Office order. Address

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